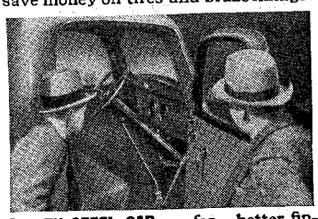
HOW COULD ANY TRUCK MATCH DODGE PERFORMANCE?

When Only Dodge of the Lowest-Priced Trucks Gives You All These High-Priced Features

GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Pioneered by Dodge on lowest-priced trucks—save money on tires and brake linings!



SAFETY-STEEL CAB—safer—better finished, more comfortable to ride in.. and it's built to last years longer!

SIX GREAT ENGINE ADVANCEMENTS—Dodge gives you a 6-Cyl. engine with 6 special gas and oil saving features!

Dodge Dealers Invite Truck Buyers to Get a Copy of the New 1937 "Show-Down" Score Card that Lets You Compare the Lowest-Priced Trucks for Yourself, Feature by Feature

FACTS beat claims any day. Owners report that "New 1937 Dodge trucks are setting new performance records...are saving up to $8 and $10 a month on gas alone." With owners from coast to coast spreading good news like this, no wonder new thousands are switching to Dodge trucks. So, do this before you buy any truck: Check up on the combination of quality features you get in the low-priced Dodge—you'll find it's a combination of money-saving advantages not offered *anywhere* else. Get a show-down. Compare...see how far ahead Dodge is! See your Dodge dealer today.

DODGE—*Division of Chrysler Corporation*

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget through Commercial Credit Company.

MORE HIGH-QUALITY FEATURES

- **FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE**—Pioneered by Dodge in low-priced 1½-ton trucks.
- **ONE-PIECE REAR AXLE HOUSING**—Another feature pioneered by Dodge.
- **ROLLER-BEARING UNIVERSALS**—Pioneered by Dodge in low-priced trucks—check ruinous backlash.
- **FOUR MAIN BEARINGS**—Dodge gives you four main engine bearings to check vibration, prolong truck life. This feature was pioneered in low-priced trucks by Dodge.
- **VALVE SEAT INSERTS**—Also pioneered by Dodge in low-priced trucks—save valve grinding—save gas.

New 1937 Dodge 1½-Ton Stake, 6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine, 2 Wheelbases, 9' and 12' Bodies.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P.M., E.D.S.T.

New 1937 Dodge 2-Ton Chassis and Cab, 6-Cyl. Four Standard Wheelbases—133", 148", 159", 177".

New 1937 Dodge ¾-1 Ton Panel, for bakers, laundries, florists, department stores—all bulky loads.

New 1937 Dodge ½-Ton Pickup, 6-Cyl., "L"-Head Engine, 116" W. B. A money-saver!

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST...YET BUILT TO OUTLAST THEM ALL

The Literary Digest

FOR MAY 29, 1937

Volume 123 • Number 22 • Whole No. 2458
Copyright 1937 • Funk & Wagnalls Company
Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

Contents

EDUCATION	26
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY	35
FOREIGN COMMENT	10
LAW	27
LETTERS AND ART	23
PARADE	9
PRESS	30
RELIGION	27
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE	16
SCREEN AND STAGE	20
SOCIAL SCIENCE	19
SPORTS	32
TAXES	31
THE SPICE OF LIFE	40
TOPICS IN BRIEF	8
TOPICS OF THE DAY	3

Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal*, *discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President*; ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer*; WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

Dieters

By ANNA MAY CROWLEY—

In your article of May 8 entitled "Holy Hunger," you failed to mention the most famous faster of modern times, John Crowley.

On May 20, 1926, Mr. Crowley, Dublin-born resident of Brondesbury, London, completed a sixty-day diet of water. During this time he lost fifty-eight pounds. The diet was undertaken in the name of health, not publicity. Yet it filled the London papers at the time and has been mentioned in Ripley's "Believe It or Not."

Mr. Crowley is my uncle and I feel slighted.
Atlanta.

We regret there was not room to include all famous dieters in our article and take this opportunity to warn all relatives to that effect. —*Editor.*

Antlers

By W. BODE—

In a recent issue, under the title, "Game Herds," you claim a buck adds one prong each year to his antlers. I am surprized to see this statement made, even by a city-dweller.

The development of a buck's antlers depends mainly upon climatic and feeding conditions. I have bagged deer with three to ten points, deer which had been fawns the previous year.

Down here in the lower Rio Grande Valley, where I made my observations, one rarely sees a spike-buck. In most instances, the buck has three or four points the first year. Furthermore, a deer which, for instance, has ten points this year may show only eight

(Continued on page 39)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Digest
NEW YORK MAY 29, 1937

Topics of the day

COURT PLAN DEAD, BUT NOT BURIED

Vacant Seat on Highest Bench to Be Filled in Dark-Horse Race

The ninety-six Senators were happier last week than they had been in months.

They beamed at Vice President Garner lounging in his big chair on the dais. They beamed at the blue-jacketed pages scurrying up and down the aisles. Most of all they beamed at Majority Leader Joe Robinson when he strode into the chamber, fitted the bows of his spectacles to his ears and began fussing abstractedly with the papers on his desk. They swarmed around him. They pumped his hand and patted his broad shoulders.

Strangely enough, this display of glee and affection was the result of an incident with which the gentleman from Arkansas had not been connected even remotely. Not for Joe Robinson's sake, but of his own volition, Associate Justice Willis Van Devanter of the Supreme Court of the United States had announced that he wished to "retire from regular active service on the bench" on June 2.

At once a great weight had dropped from Senatorial hearts. Perhaps President Roosevelt now would consider a compromise substitute for his plan to add six new Justices to the High Court. The rift in the Democratic Party caused by the Court-enlargement scheme might yet be closed. At any rate, the days and nights of tension were over.

Question—And now who would succeed Van Devanter?

Joe Robinson's colleagues, Democratic and Republican alike, carried on last week as if the Majority Leader already had been selected to fill this vacancy. Indeed, it appeared that the Senate abruptly had usurped the appointive power of the Chief Executive and had elevated the Arkansan to the Supreme Court by acclamation.

It was a tribute to his immense popularity, to his thirty-four years' service in Congress, to the leadership he has displayed since 1933 in steering New Deal legislation through treacherous legislative channels and, above all, to his dogged, stubborn loyalty to the Roosevelt Administration.

Washington's most persistent rumor has been to the effect that Franklin D. Roosevelt would write the climax to Joe Robinson's career by recommending him to the Senate for appointment to the Court. But even his stanchest supporters admit that there are two big obstacles in his path.

First, Robinson may be constitutionally ineligible. The Constitution forbids the appointment of a Senator or Representative "to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased" during his term of office. Because the Summers-McCarran Bill, which permitted a Justice of the Supreme Court to retire at seventy with full pay for life, was passed this spring and because it might be construed as an "emolument" increase, Senator Robinson conceivably might be disqualified.

Candidates—More serious is the obstacle of competition. At least twenty names have appeared in the press as candidates for the appointment. Some are widely known:

Homer S. Cummings, Attorney General of the United States, one-time Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, one of the authors (it is said) of the Court-enlargement bill.

Robert H. Jackson, Assistant Attorney General, star pro-Administration witness before the Senate Judiciary Committee and defender of the social-security program before the Supreme Court.

J. Warren Madden, Chairman of the National Labor Relations Board.

Donald R. Richberg, one-time National Recovery Administrator and adviser to the President on forthcoming wage-and-hour legislation.

James M. Landis, Chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, Dean-elect of Harvard Law School.

Some are not so well known:

Lloyd Garrison, Dean of the Wisconsin Law School.

Sam G. Bratton, Judge of the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals.

William O. Douglas, member of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

One group of dopesters was arguing last week that the President would not pass up the chance to pick one of the well-known liberals in the first batch. Others pointed to the Roosevelt propensity for plucking men from the shadows and hoisting them into the limelight; the appointee would be an unknown, they said. But the politicians persisted: "Robinson."

Because of his immense popularity, they argued, the Arkansan's appointment to the Court necessarily must be the first and only sure step toward restoration of harmony in the rank and file of Democracy.

Pictures, Inc.

Justice Van Devanter . . . no more musty tomes

Query—Second only to the personnel problems of the Court was the knotty political problem: What to do now with the President's Court-enlargement program?

The "Nine Old Men" had turned their conservative robes inside out and were looking with a more friendly eye upon New Deal social legislation. One of them was about to step out, thus giving the President a chance to widen the liberal margin. The Senate Judiciary Committee finally had decided, by a vote of ten to eight, to turn a cold shoulder toward the Court-enlargement bill and already was in the act of drafting an unfavorable report on the White House scheme.

Nearly every one but the President had admitted publicly that the program for the reorganization of the Court was dead.

Columnist Dorothy Thompson decided: "If the President goes on insisting, not only that he wants a liberal Court but that he wants it to be his Court, organized in his way, the whole campaign (for judicial reorganization) will cease to have even dignity and we shall begin to suspect that the President cares more for his personal prestige than he cares for what he started out to get."

Hints—To at least one other observer, it appeared that Roosevelt and his aids could have but one possible motive for insisting upon the passage of the Court bill in the form in which it originally was presented nearly four months ago. In his syndicated column, Walter Lippmann commented darkly last week:

"What they want is plenary authority for the President and a controlled Congressional majority; they want this authority to be unlimited by the rights of the States or by the checks and balances of the Constitution. Such authority they will never obtain from a merely liberal Court. . . ."

Lippmann added:

"To establish the kind of sovereign power they desire, they need the six appointments in the Supreme Court and the forty-four other appointments in the lower Federal courts. For their purpose is not to liberalize the courts. Their purpose is to become the masters of the courts in order that constitutional limitations and judicial restraint may no longer check their own authority."

Jettisoned—But if the Administration ever had such objectives in mind, there were evidences that they have been discarded. Members of the House's Select Committee on Government Organization revealed after a conference at the White House on Thursday that the President wanted to forget the Court and move on to other legislation—chiefly, reorganization of the Executive branch of the Government, along the lines which he suggested in a special message to Congress last January. He was in a mood to compromise, the conferees felt—he would be satisfied with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bill that permitted him to appoint two new Justices and thus increase the Court membership to eleven rather than fifteen.

If such a compromise goes through, who can claim a victory—the President, or the opposition bloc of conservative and liberal Senators who have fought Court-enlargement since the program was presented?

The opposition could point to Roosevelt's persistent refusal time after time to accept a substitute program for his own, and could claim credit for forcing him to accept a compromise as the alternative to a long, bitter fight in the Senate.

The pro-Administration bloc, on the other hand, could point to the Supreme Court's sudden change of form as a result of the President's attacks on five-to-four conservative opinions. They could argue that the White House was directly responsible for the about-face of Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts.

Explaining—Arthur Krock, Chief Washington Correspondent of the New York *Times*, wrote last week that the President had been the leader in the national protest against lines of reasoning in past cases by a majority in which Justice Roberts always and Chief Justice Hughes occasionally were units.

"For him, therefore," Krock added, "the chief credit may be claimed for persuading these Judges that 'conditions which have intervened' called for reexamination and altered reasoning. That is a great achievement."

As "useful achievements" *The Times* writer listed the facts that the President had exposed close majority opinions to sharp public criticism and also had "stimulated an educational process among the American people with respect to the history of the Constitution and the Court."

There is one point at which the anti-Administration forces can boast of having held their ground: The President never has built a convincing case against the comparative mental ability of men over seventy. Even last week he hardly had packed Mr. Justice Van Devanter's resignation letter in the White House files before he was scratching his signature under the appointment of R. Walton Moore to the revived position of Counselor of the Department of State. Mr. Moore is seventy-eight.

WEATHER-VANE: Sheet of Postage-Stamps Beats Bunions or Oysters as Barometer

"Give me two threes—and how'll the weather be for fishing to-morrow?"

No, it isn't a game; it's just the way some of the 5,250 prospective patrons carry on at the combination post-office and weather bureau in Camden, South Carolina.

They've grown to like the idea of getting free advice about the elements when buying stamps. In fact, a lot of the fishermen ask about the weather first. Then they buy post-cards and send brother anglers the joyful or sad tidings about the next day's prospects.

It all started about eight years ago when Arthur Clark, postal clerk, noticed that some of his stamp-sheets insisted upon curling. At first he merely thought these restless markers had received an overdose of stickum in Washington. Then he noticed that they seemed to react to the weather. During quiet moments he jotted down his calculations, by careful deduction and analysis found his stamps were fairly dependable weather prophets.

© Harris and Ewing

Majority Leader "Joe" Robinson . . . ability and popularity may carry him to the vacated bench

Vanes—Now Clark regulates a good deal of Camden's activities by watching his gummed forecasters. Taking a sheet of stamps from the drawer, he tears off a string, places them on the counter and lets nature take its course.

If the stamps curl to form rings, face outward, it will rain. If they stay flat, fair weather is ahead.

The method has been so successful that he gets identical results from a seven-cent McKinley or a half-cent Nathan Hale.

Since the post-office became the town's accepted weather bureau, citizens rush anxiously to Clark's window with all sorts of problems. Baseball games are planned, plowing and planting of crops arranged—all by his word. Nor does he personally let his stamps down. If they curl at the edges, he won't even start out to a ball game, altho he's one of the town's keenest enthusiasts.

Born in Hendersonville, North Carolina, Clark always has lived in Camden except for a spell overseas in the War. He doesn't like to talk about his method of forecasting and dislikes the attention it is bringing him. To date he has letters from the Pacific Coast and Canada and a few have sneered openly:

"Oh—we knew that all along. We've been telling the weather by stamps for years."

Fee?—Harassment at the office is getting pretty terrible, he says, and Postmaster General Jim Farley may put a charge on his services. But living quietly at home with his wife and child, Clark refuses to discuss the weather there.

"If that starts," he threatens, "I'm gonna cut the telephone wires. I've fallen out with the weather."

Even partial success at forecasting, however, is considered remarkable in these days when tried-and-true methods are failing. The disgraceful failure of oysters is an example of modern slipshod methods among natural weather prophets. Going into a huff last fall, they all went on an eating and drinking spree, fattened up and dug deep into the Atlantic Seaboard sands. Old-timers got out extra heavy woolens as a result of that sure sign. Yet the only result was a comparatively mild winter.

Similarly, aches and pains of myriad sorts have come and gone without tempests or hurricanes and corn-plasters have taken the rain predictions out of many a tired foot. But the United States Weather Bureau still insists that "nine out of every ten persons believe they are weather forecasters."

FORD VS. C.I.O.: Patriarch Talks Homilies as Evangelist Spreads Unionism's Hot Gospel

Homer Martin, once a Baptist preacher, now President of the United Automobile Workers of America, last week returned to his evangelical calling, beginning the greatest missionary work of his career.

It was not for souls of men that he labored. It merely was for their signatures. Ford plants at Detroit became the scene of his intensive proselytizing, enrolment of 150,000 converts to U.A.W.A. his worldly mission. First week's results: Something less than gratifying. The reason: Henry Ford, union foe, did missionary work of his own.

Hot Gospel—About the time that Mr. Martin and his C.I.O. disciples were spreading the gospel of unionism "at the regular initiation fee of $2 and $1.10 dues for the first month," plant managers distributed cards bearing so-called "Fordisms"—bits of homespun labor philosophy culled from recent statements by the company's founder. Samples:

Our men ought to consider whether it is necessary for them to PAY SOME OUTSIDER every month FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF WORKING at Ford's.

Figure it out for yourself. If you go into a union they have GOT YOU—but what have YOU GOT?

We have made a better bargain for our men than any outsider COULD. We have never had to bargain against our men and we don't expect to begin now.

What was the result of these strikes (General Motors and Chrysler)?—merely that numbers of men put their neck into an iron collar. I'm only trying to show who owns the collar.

"Fordisms" were not appreciated at their face value by Homer Martin and his organizers; in fact, they brought a disparaging retort from the union President:

"Mr. Ford's gestures of paternalism toward his employees at this late date resemble too closely the hypocritical overtures of the mustached villain to the heroine in the old-fashioned melodrama to convince either the public or those employees. . . . Neither Mr. Ford nor his 'isms' will make any impression on his workers."

The test of strength between lean, lanky Henry Ford and square-jawed John L. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organization has been expected since settlement of strikes at General Motors and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chrysler plants. "Ford is next!" was the cry at Flint when Lewis and Martin forced grudging recognition of their organization.

Battle — Usually trustworthy observers, however, forecast a longer and sterner fight in the Ford plants than in either General Motors or Chrysler. They recall Ford's stubborn refusal to sign with NRA, despite threats to "crack down" on him and predict it will be no simple matter to reconcile the author of "Fordisms" to the practise of collective bargaining.

"We're all workers together, the men and I," Mr. Ford said not long ago. "There shouldn't be any bargaining or dealing necessary. Our company pays the best wages it can and always has."

Henry Ford could cite the record to prove his point. In 1914, when $2.34 was good average compensation in other automotive plants, Ford startled the industrial world by establishing a $5-a-day minimum wage-scale. Industrialists freely predicted the ruin of his business. But Ford paid no attention. He was accustomed to ridicule. He had borne his share of it back in 1892 for believing that a "horseless carriage" could be manufactured at popular prices.

To-day, his workers get a $6 minimum; rumor says they will get more if they stay out of unions.

Ideas — It isn't a question of money, his associates say. Money does not concern him, tho he has strange notions about it. He has no idea of the amount of his fortune, but he knows he has millions more than he needs. He thinks money is like a belt on a machine: must be kept moving round and round to be of any real value. He carries only small change in his pockets, often borrows a quarter from his chauffeur, is said once to have made out a check for two cents to return a loan. Yet, when the Ford Motor Company lost $68,000,000 in one depression year, Mr. Ford took it in his stride. "It was not lost," he said, "we just circulated that much more than we took in." After all, his assistant pointed out, $68,000,000 represented only two-months' pay-roll in normal times.

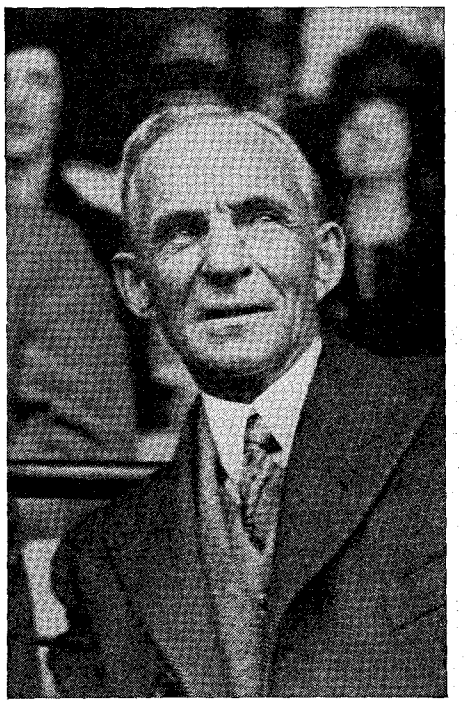
No, it isn't money—it's just the principle of the thing, his friends insist. Mr. Ford's economic philosophy is at odds with the modern system of collective bargaining. He can't understand why any of his men should want to deal with him through a union representative. "My men have always been paid more than any professional bargainer would ever have the nerve to ask," he complained recently.

"We'll never recognize the United Automobile Workers' Union," he added in another statement. "Our men know what we can do and what we can't do. We'll deal with them individually."

But shaggy-haired John Lewis seems to have other ideas. "I have no doubt," he declared, "that Mr. Ford will deal with individuals and not with the unions just so long as his employees permit it. I have no doubt that Henry Ford will change his mind on this subject."

Guesses — Mr. Lewis and others pointed to a recent decision of the Supreme Court upholding the National Labor Relations Act, which compels employers to enter bargaining relations with workers. It remains to be seen, they suggested, how Mr. Ford is going to get around that decision if the United Automobile Workers gain a majority of his employees.

Nobody knows if and how Henry Ford contemplates outwitting the Wagner Act decision. "Of course," he said, following the Court's pronouncement, "the Ford Motor Company is subject to the terms of the law." But it was noticeable that he did not withdraw from his fight against the unions. Instead, he admonished his men to stay out of them. "A man loses his independence when he joins a labor group of any kind," he warned. "Those who join," he declared during the Chrysler troubles, "will be like the turkey. They'll get it in the neck eventually."



Acme

A Henry Fordism: "We're all workers together, the men and I"

U. S. MASTHEADS: Stars and Stripes Over a Bigger Merchant Fleet, Says Kennedy

The American Merchant Marine will be no dwarf if Joseph P. Kennedy, Chairman of the new Maritime Commission, has his way. His first public address since taking over this latest job was made last week at the annual dinner of the Propeller Club of the United States, marking the close of National Maritime Week.

"Build ships—the best and the most modern ships — and build them right away."

Kennedy declared this was the only solution, because for the United States an adequate merchant marine meant a new merchant marine. But no one present knew just how official were the words of the forty-eight-year-old, sandy-haired, freckled New York financier, former Chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

"The Government, with the assistance of the shipping industry, must begin a program which will equip our overseas trade so that it may be second to none in first-class equipment," he said. "We are going to lay the keels for new, fast ships. And we are going to do it now."

Hope—Some 1,000 listeners, steamship men and their guests, took heart as they heard Kennedy speak. They saw the day coming when the tens of thousands of Americans crossing to Europe would prefer to cross in ships flying the American flag.

Furthermore, they heard read a cheering letter of greeting from President Roosevelt which expressed his belief that Maritime day had a special significance this year, because "the United States Maritime Commission has begun to function under the new Merchant Marine Act, in which the Congress has vigorously reasserted the national policy of creating an American merchant marine worthy of the Nation's proudest traditions as a sea-power."

Promising a "square deal" to shipping labor, afloat and ashore, Kennedy pointed out that should private capital be tardy about availing itself of its opportunities, the Maritime Act empowered the Government to take the initiative in a ship-building program.

Kennedy pointed out that in providing for a direct subsidy in place of the indirect subsidies of the past, Congress for the third time had rejected Government ownership.

But from Washington came word that any extensive legislative support for the merchant marine was still faltering, undecided.

SMILE SCHOOL: Teaching Courtesy and Service to Railroaders, U. P. Trouble-Shooter's Job

Courtesy alone is not sufficient to hold a patron's good-will; he must have service, but courtesy irons out many little kinks and helps to make everything run smoothly.

That definition is from circular No. 221 on Courtesy and Correct Methods for Conducting Railroad Agencies (Relations with Patrons). It is issued by the Union Pacific System.

The Union Pacific has been going in for courtesy in a big way since 1927. Last week, smiling H. D. Bacheler, veteran conductor of thirty-one years' experience on the line, visited U. P. headquarters. He is the latest Assistant Courtesy Director to be appointed and has just completed a survey of the principal terminals at Salt Lake City, Ogden, Portland, Seattle, Los Angeles, Denver and Kansas City. His is the latest railroad "success" story.

Smiles—From Pocatello, Idaho, Bacheler began as a brakeman, moved up on seniority lists to conductor on transcontinental trains. Known to thousands of passengers for an expansive smile, hearty manner and gentle ways, Bacheler was on the regular run on the *Portland Rose*, crack speed-train. He had a chance to go on one of the new stream-liners, but decided he liked the old "chuggers" better.

Bacheler's life has been devoted for the last quarter of a century to being gentle with passengers, soothing feelings of the obstreperous or outraged. He's considered so useful in this line that he is assisting a Union Pacific vice-president in instructing railroad employees on the best ways to avoid getting angry at finicky passengers.

This elaborate courtesy system was the brain-child of W. M. Jeffers, recently elected President of the Union Pacific. As General Manager, ten years ago, he was advised that an unusually large number of complaints were being received. The majority alleged discourtesy by employees.

From each of six divisions he enlisted an outstanding passenger-train conductor, gave him an intensive course embracing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all phases of the railroad business. Then each returned to open a courtesy school in his own division. At first conductors, brakemen and porters were the only pupils in the elementary classrooms, housed in passenger-coaches. Then the idea caught on. Engineers and firemen sought to enroll. They were followed by freight-trainmen, locomotive crews, station-agents and attendants. "Soon the idea spread to every one in the entire system," declared Jeffers.

Reverse—"Complaints stopped immediately and soon letters of commendation began pouring in," he added. "To-day we can say safely that every man in the Union Pacific service, from the lowliest 'car-toad' up to the President, is thoroughly grounded in courtesy. The idea has borne fruit many thousand per cent. A complaint-letter nowadays is an event."

Now the schools have been abandoned but the "courtesy" idea is kept alive by Bacheler in his traveling over the entire system, checking up and keeping employees on their toes.

On his first swing around the circuit, Bacheler found he had to correct certain items of dress; one man's uniform was not pressed neatly, another wore the wrong color shirt.

He believes the stewardesses on the Union Pacific *Challenger* from Omaha to Los Angeles are the prize courtesy experts —and a good-looking lot, too.

"USELESS" GAS: Won't Burn But It Will Lift—Helium Valuable U. S. Monopoly

There was jubilation in Dexter, Kansas, one day in 1907. Everybody was excited about the new gas-well being sunk into the earth. Gas meant money in the pocket and fuel for cook-stoves.

The well boomed in with 6,000,000 cubic feet. Celebrations were in order.

Then some one made a discovery which caused consternation. Dolefully, the citizens learned that there was just one thing wrong with that gas: It wouldn't burn. What good was gas which wouldn't fry eggs or boil coffee?

No good at all, groaned saddened Kansans. Then some one had the bright idea of sending for a couple of scientific trouble-shooters—Drs. H. P. Cady and D. F. McFarland of the University of Kansas. They identified it as helium, a gas first observed in the sun during an eclipse in 1868 and since regarded as a laboratory curio.

Still it wouldn't burn. That's the reason the eyes of the world are focused on America's helium monopoly to-day, for it will keep a dirigible afloat without danger of fire or explosion.

Vital—The future of the airship depends upon this non-inflammable gas. Even Dr. Hugo Eckener, world's greatest dirigible expert, so stated as soon as he heard of the explosion and fire which wrecked the German Zeppelin *Hindenburg* over Lakehurst, New Jersey, with a loss of thirty-five lives.

Last week, the United States, owner of the world's present helium supply, seemed about to liberalize its regulations on exports and make it available to the Germans, only successful airship builders.

Clearly, lighter-than-air development, as far as science can foresee, rests upon cooperation between the United States and Germany.

After the first adequate helium supply was discovered at Dexter it was neglected until 1914, tho eventually the town built a new industry around the gas. This lasted until a government plant near Amarillo, Texas, brought in enough to supply aircraft needs and regulations virtually banned exports.

Actually the Government's development was due chiefly to Col. G. A. Burrell, former expert of the Bureau of Mines, now a New York business man.

In 1914, Colonel Burrell, testing natural gas from the Petrolia, Texas, field (Fort Worth), discovered it contained about 37 per cent. of nitrogen. This was unusual. He made a mental note of it.

Three years later, Colonel Burrell was busy developing the nucleus of what later became the Chemical Warfare Service of the United States Army.

Demand—Into his office one day walked F. H. Lidbury of Buffalo, seeking a phosphorus contract for the Oldbury Chemical Company of that city. He showed Colonel Burrell a letter from Sir William Ramsay mentioning that Britain was seeking helium for proposed dirigibles.

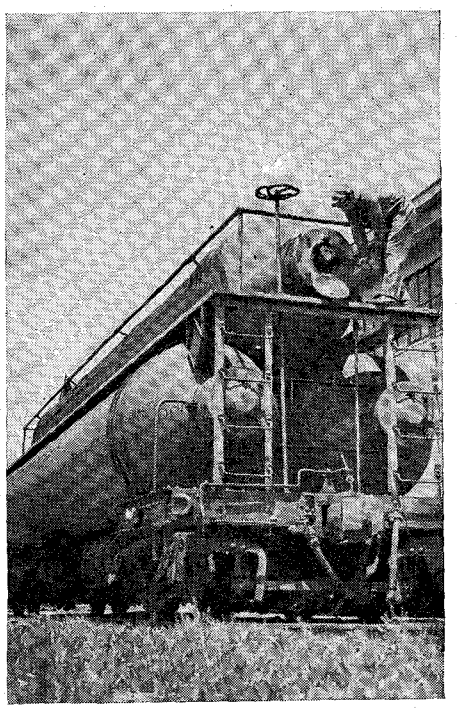
Colonel Burrell remembered the high nitrogen content of the Petrolia gas, knew this might mean it contained helium. He sent to the Lone Star Gas Company for a sample, had it tested for helium, found it contained about one per cent.

Excitedly he took his find to the War and Navy Departments. Little interest was shown. We had no dirigibles, weren't planning any, had a War on our hands.

Colonel Burrell had a lot of other matters on his mind. He left his helium reports with the combat departments, went back to his gases.

After some delay, his report, exchanged as routine, reached the British Admiralty.

The Lords of the Admiralty were more than interested, they were excited. In a few weeks two British naval officers arrived in Washington, eating, breathing and thinking helium and how to get it.



Pictures, Inc.

Down goes the cost of helium transportation . . . with the introduction of special tank-cars

They lost no time in visiting the Petrolia field, getting all possible information concerning it. Returning to Washington, they made a proposal: the British Government would share the expense of producing helium with the United States.

Outlay—As a result, an initial appropriation of $500,000 was made. The work was placed under the direction of Col. William H. Walker, peace-time head of the Chemical Engineering Department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, assisted by Dr. R. B. Moore of the Bureau of Mines.

A refining plant was erected by the Linde Air Products Company of New York, subsidiary of Union Carbide and Carbon Corp. The Lone Star Company received $1,000,000 for the right to extract the helium before its natural gas was sold commercially.

The first costs of producing helium were $500 per 1,000 cubic feet and the cost of transportation was a tremendous item—$1,800 a car-load. Special tank-cars finally cut this latter cost to $4 per 1,000 feet from $18. New methods greatly increased production and effected savings.

Helium is refined by subjecting natural gas to great pressure at temperatures as low as 300 degrees below zero (F.). At this point the nitrogen and other elements liquefy, the helium doesn't. It is drawn off, the other elements returned to a gaseous state and sold.

Needs—By 1925 the value of the gas was well-established.

At that time the United States seemed bent on a considerable program of dirigible construction, naval, military and, eventually, commercial. Helium was needed, more and more helium.

And the Petrolia field was showing clear signs of exhaustion.

The Navy, which had taken over control of the Fort Worth plant, decided to rely upon private production. The Bureau of Mines took the plant. Private concerns were shy about bidding, as government contracts ran only a year and there were few commercial uses for helium. Prices quoted in these circumstances were high.

The Kentucky Oxygen-Hydrogen Company did make a bid, built plants at the Dexter field and at Thatcher, Colorado. This eked out the failing Petrolia supply until 1929.

In the meantime, the Bureau of Mines had been improving the process of refining, making economies in it here and there, testing gases from all parts of the country. Then, a new field (the Cliffside structure) near Amarillo, in the Panhandle of Texas, was discovered to be twice as rich in helium as former discoveries.

A new plant was built there and rights to 50,000 acres were obtained. The helium obtained was 98 per cent. pure, costs were cut to $7.10 per 1,000 cubic feet. Total capital cost to the Government was $2,200,000 and an annual production of 24,000,000 cubic feet was made possible.

Blow—The low government price killed the private business, since the latter could not export, save in experimental quantities Regulations made the consent of the Secretaries of War, Navy, Interior and the President necessary.

However, the *Hindenburg* disaster is likely to change the whole picture. A special Cabinet committee is studying the situation. A liberalizing bill has been reported favorably by a Senate Committee.

Whether this country will retain a world

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monopoly remains to be seen. Theoretically, at least, helium may be found wherever natural gas is found. Actually, it has not been found elsewhere in commercial quantities, altho many believe the Russians may have made helium discoveries, but kept them dark.

But helium means greater airship safety and that means airship travel.

BLUE PENCILS: "Strong" Drama Wins Over Censorship in New York and Omaha

Theater-lovers jubilated, the censorious frowned, as American drama censorship took two sockdolagers last week.

Gov. Herbert H. Lehman of New York emphatically vetoed a measure to place every theater at the mercy of local license commissioners.

In Omaha, Mayor Dan Butler tried to censor the Sherwood-Lunt-Fontanne "Idiot's Delight." For a time it looked as if Omahans wouldn't see it. When Mr. Lunt discovered Mayor Butler wanted to cut the heart out of the last act, he started to pack.

At this point Methodist Episcopal Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam went into action:

"It's a pity," he said, "that our Mayor should make our city ridiculous."

Mayor Butler took a deep breath, asked the Bishop: "Would you care to have your seventeen-year-old daughter see the play?"

Approval—Bishop Oxnam retorted that his fourteen-year-old Betty Ruth was going to see it, with his paternal blessing and some school friends.

The Mayor had blue-penciled the manuscript with Lunt's consent before the show reached Omaha. Lunt had expected a few minor deletions, found many of the most telling and dramatic passages banned, heard Mayor Butler planned to stand in the wings, ring down the curtain if the forbidden lines were spoken.

Said Lunt: ". . . I've never played on an amateur night or in burlesque and I don't intend to get the hook, even from a mayor."

The show started packing. Omahans, looking forward for months to the presentation, growled and groaned. Bishop Oxnam got busy. The Mayor backed down.

The show went on, undeleted, before 2,800 enthusiasts. Several hundred were turned away. It received its usual reception: gales of laughter; moments of sheer, stark silence; tremendous applause.

Omahans enjoyed the reference to a love-tryst at the "Governor Bryan Hotel in Omaha, Nebraska." Had Mayor Butler prevailed, they would have missed their laugh. He had blue-penciled the line as disrespectful to the Bryan clan (LITERARY DIGEST, May 8).

Advice—Bishop Oxnam had suggested Mayor Butler drop politics and start writing plays he thought proper to be presented. But the Mayor showed his political ability when he camouflaged his retreat by saying the play could act as a "lesson." Omahans liked their lesson.

Altho defeated, the Mayor has not quit. He plans quick appointment of a welfare board to help him censor.

Robert E. Sherwood's play, which won the 1936 award of the New York dramatic writers, is a bitter tract against the futility and waste of war. Altho it is freer and more vigorous in dialog than would have been tolerated two decades ago, Omaha is the first city which has attempted to censor it.

© International

Helen Hayes raised her voice against New York's Dunnigan censorship bill

Governor Lehman's veto of the New York measure permitting license officials to rescind the license of any theater presenting what they considered an immoral performance foiled a much more vital threat to legitimate drama's freedom.

This because virtually all American stage-drama depends for success upon New York presentation.

In 1932, New York burlesque theaters won a court victory when it was held the License Commissioner could refuse, but not revoke, a theater's license.

Daring—Emboldened, their performances became lewder and nuder. The "strip-tease" dropped what slight claims to public decency it ever had had. Brassièreless choruses, jokes which would have been frowned upon in the lighter moments of a smoker, became burlesque's appeal.

Censorship—"Idiot's Delight"

Asked for his philosophy of censorship, liberal Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, whose fight against Mayor Dan Butler permitted Omaha to see "Idiot's Delight," wired to THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"I am fundamentally opposed to censorship . . . it is seldom that a censor is sufficiently acquainted with dramatic art to be qualified . . . censorship descends to tyranny . . . is in fact 'Idiot's Delight.' I suggested a theme-song for Omaha's Mayor: 'Every little damma must be taken from our drama' . . . the future of the Protestant pulpit rests upon maintaining its freedom. Censorship in any sphere is indirectly a menace to a free pulpit. The surest way of eliminating salacious plays is to develop good taste that results from true culture."

A week before the burlesque-house licenses were to be renewed on May 1, the storm broke. License Commissioner Paul Moss faced determined demands that licenses be refused the fourteen burlesque houses in the city. Hardly a voice was raised in defense of the shows. The licenses were withheld, the theaters closed, the glory that was Minsky's departed.

Some of the reform elements, not content with this victory, besought the Legislature for a law permitting closing of a theater by license revocation at any time. In the hurried last days of the session, the bill was passed. In vetoing it, the Governor heeded wide-spread demand of stage stars, producers, managers, the public and the most respected and conservative sections of the New York press.

Altho "Idiot's Delight" has fared well with local censors outside of New York, as much can not be said for another success, "Tobacco Road."

Dry-Cleaned—This play of share-cropper life in the South has been "laundered" all along the line. In Omaha, it first was stopped, then Bowdlerized. It also was stopped in Detroit and Chicago after runs of three and seven weeks, respectively. Among the cities which censored to the bone were Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Albuquerque, Philadelphia and Utica, New York. The show closed in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on May 15, was due to reopen for a showboat session on the Ohio River and Lake Michigan on May 28.

Skirmishes and pitched battles between censors and liberals have been frequent since the theater began to shake off its Victorian inhibitions and risk official prohibitions. Notable among early bans was that placed on George Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" when first performed in New York in the early days of the century. Vigorous fights were directed a few years later at Brieux's "Damaged Goods." In 1911, Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston banned "The Easiest Way."

Boston later frowned upon "Maternity," "Strange Interlude," "Within the Gates." Howls of protest failed to move Hub officials.

A few weeks ago, Mayor Wilson of Philadelphia turned thumbs down on "Orchids Preferred." After a week on Broadway, the New York public did likewise. A year ago, Mayor Wilson thought he saw a slight upon Mrs. Roosevelt in "New Faces," demanded deletions, got them.

The path of censorship steadily has become more rocky. But the battle is far from ended.

PEACE LINE: U. S. and Canada Shake Hands Across Border That Knows No Fort

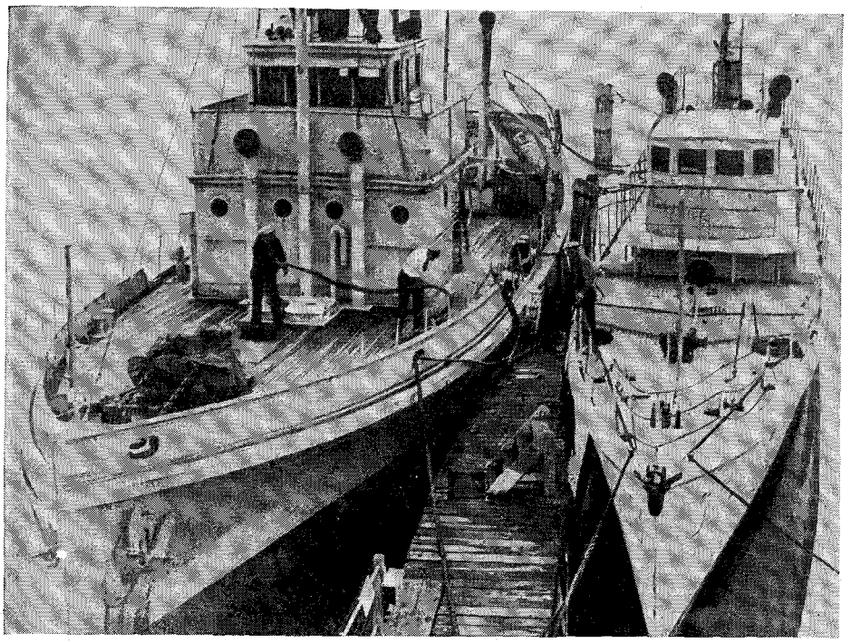
France and Germany are separated by the tremendous line of the Maginot forts, 200 miles of steel and concrete bristling with guns.

Canada and the United States are separated by 3,000 miles of open frontier, unmarred by so much as a blockhouse. That is the Rush-Bagot line.

Last Sunday, thousands of Americans and Canadians observed the 120th anniversary of this practical proof that peace is possible. The simple ceremonies were held in beautiful Victoria Park in Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Nor was there any lack of bitter feeling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A. M. Miller—Rochester Times-Union

Only two naval cutters on Lake Ontario exemplify the amity between Canada and the U. S.

between the two nations involved at the time Richard Rush, United States Secretary of State, and Sir Charles Bagot, England's Ambassador in Washington, negotiated their epoch-making agreement.

For a century and a half, the peoples living to the south and north of what now is the Canadian border had been bitter foes. During the North American wars between England and France, Canadians and Americans had faced each other in battle scores of times.

During the American Revolution, Canadians and Americans had fought at Quebec and Montreal.

In the War of 1812-'15, Canadians and Americans had fought at Lundy's Lane, on Lakes Erie, Ontario and Champlain and at Detroit.

Feeling against England—and Canada, too—was strong in this country in 1817, two years after the end of that war. Americans were cocky over Perry's victory on Lake Erie, McDonough's on Lake Champlain, Jackson's at New Orleans.

Helper—When Sir Charles Bagot arrived in Washington it was a difficult diplomatic task he faced. There was much "twisting the lion's tail" in those days. Cheerfully, urbanely, skilfully, Sir Charles addressed himself to the task. Fortunately in Rush, son of the famous Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia (LITERARY DIGEST, May 22), he found a kindred spirit.

The trend of the times helped them. Britain had just emerged from a quarter-century of incessant warfare. In the United States there was little disposition to spend for armament.

Rush and Bagot, seeking peace themselves, helped by the war-weariness of their respective peoples, found it possible to negotiate an agreement such as the world never had seen to that time, has not since.

In answer to questions in both Canada and the United States as to what was to be done to protect respective frontiers, the two statesmen made a treaty calling for no protection whatever. They founded it on the good-will of both peoples.

At that period, the actual military frontier between the two nations was the line of lakes, starting with Champlain in the east, extending west to Detroit along the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie. Beyond lay the wilderness, unmapped, uninhabited.

Boats—Therefore, sea-power on the Great Lakes and Lake Champlain obviously was the true protective feature for both countries from the military view-point. To prevent future battles, such as the many, big and little, which recently had taken place on the inland seas, Rush and Bagot agreed that lake armaments would be strictly limited.

Actually, they negotiated the first mutual naval limitations agreement in history, more than a century before the Washington Conference.

Under their agreement one vessel of not more than 100 tons armed with one eighteen-pounder cannon was permitted each on Lake Ontario, two similar craft on "the Upper Lakes or the Unsalted Seas," and one each on Lake Champlain. Such vessels were no more than revenue cutters, useless for military purposes.

The agreement further stated that land fortifications were to be discontinued, permitted to decay.

To-day, there is not a modern fort along the entire frontier.

Only once was the Great Peace threatened. Northern feeling against England ran high during the days of the War Between the States. Canada was a sure refuge for Confederate agents. Some hotheads in the North wanted action, made faces across the border. The calm, cool common sense of Lincoln with his "one war at a time" policy prevented trouble.

Rebels—The one armed and hostile incursion from the United States into Canada since 1815 came in 1866. Five hundred members of the Fenian Irish Revolutionary Society crossed from Vermont and New York, defeated some Canadian militia, recrossed the frontier, saw their leaders arrested by United States officials.

In 1915, when American business men were training at Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood's Plattsburg camp, a regiment of them, under Regular officers, crossed the line by mistake near Rouse's Point, New York, met a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, apologized profusely, withdrew hastily.

Naval armaments on the Lakes now consist of Coast Guard patrol-vessels and obsolete craft assigned to units of the naval militia, which remain always within their respective territorial waters unless invited. They include the U.S.S. *Wilmette, Paducah, Dubuque* and *Hawk*, small gunboats, and the U.S.S.C. 432, 412, 300 and 64, War-time submarine-chasers. They provide training for 400 officers and 2,900 men of the Naval Reserve.

Hand-Shake—A memorable ceremony, held in July, 1935, at the Rifle Range, near Toronto, illustrates the warm feeling between Canadian and American citizen-soldiers. Since 1921, officers of the 391st U. S. (Reserve) Infantry and the Irish Regiment of Canada had been holding rifle-matches, entertaining each other formally. The 391st is a Rochester unit, the Irish Regiment hails from Toronto, across Lake Ontario.

In 1935, Col. Thomas Remington of the Rochester regiment suggested presenting an American flag to the Canadian regiment. War Departments of both nations approved. So unheard-of was the action that no formation in the drill-books of either Army covered the necessary military ceremony. One had to be designed by American and Canadian officers.

An honor-guard of American officers escorted the color to the front of the paraded Irish Regiment and presented it to Lt.-Col. Sowden-Irwin. In accepting it, he promised in the name of his Regiment to cherish the Stars and Stripes second only to the national and regimental colors.

Rush and Bagot builded better than they knew.

Topics in Brief

SPANISH SPIES here? There were German spies once and they helped to get us into the War.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

EDWARD wants to live in Austria. Wally wants to live in America. They will live in America.—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

EVERYBODY, sooner or later, cusses an editor, but nobody ever volunteers to do his work for a day.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

PEDESTRIANS are learning they have some rights in court. The next step will be to get some on the streets.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

THE NEWSPAPERS should thank their lucky stars these days that there's no high tariff on imported news.—*Olin Miller in Atlanta Journal.*

DICK MERRILL said his flight to Croydon was no stunt, showing how things change in a decade or so.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

WHAT WAS the minority last November is beginning to realize it must regain consciousness if the country is to be saved.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

THERE'LL always be more or less trouble until the Department of Agriculture finds a way to cross a dust-bowl with a flooded valley.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parade

Saying the Spanish civil war to him was a fascinating study in the abstract, **Ernest Hemingway,** American writer, returned from a fifty-two-day stay in the Madrid war area. After a short visit with his wife, he's going right back, however, to collect more reactions of human beings under shell-fire. "Once three shells landed in the hotel where I was staying," he told reporters. "And the food wasn't any good." "But I used to go out every now and then and do some shooting in what's left of the royal game-preserve and then we'd have rabbit and partridge for awhile," the writer chuckled.

* * *

Dr. **Alexis Carrel,** noted scientist and author of "Man, the Unknown," says he is not in sympathy with the statement of the late Sir Oliver Lodge that the Briton was looking forward to death to complete his studies in spirituality. Sailing for Europe, Doctor Carrel declared: "I am interested only in what we can observe. Spirituality is not my line."

* * *

"I confess with shame that this is my first visit to the United States," declared **Jacques Chastenet,** Editor of *Le Temps* of Paris. "I have long wanted to come here in order to appreciate personally how the Americans use and develop in time of peace (sometimes a rather dangerous peace) the admirable qualities I saw them displaying on the battle-fields of France."

* * *

Stockholm claims more telephones *per capita* than any other city in Europe. So it's no wonder that smiling three-year-old **Princess Margareta,** daughter of Prince Gustaf Adolf and Princess Sibylla of Sweden, took to London's telephones with alacrity on her first trip abroad. She had cheery hello's for any one who wanted to say, "Are you there?"

Pictures, Inc.

Sweden's Princess Margareta . . . a cheery "Hello!" for all callers on the royal phone

Doubt was expressed in Washington that the budget would be balanced by inheritance taxes from the estate of **John Davison Rockefeller,** Sr., who died at 4:05 A.M. Sunday morning, May 23, at Ormond Beach, Florida. Almost two decades back, Rockefeller transferred to his heirs or charitable foundations most of his billion-plus fortune. This distribution was made before gifts were subject to Federal taxation. Altho he did not live to the century mark, as often was said to have been his desire, the oil magnate would have been ninety-eight on July 8. Rockefeller was called America's first billionaire, once had imposed on him a $29,000,000 fine by Judge K. M. Landis. And he made dimes famous by giving thousands of them—shiny new ones—to those he met.

* * *

Fiction became fact when **Mikhail V. Vodopyanov,** Soviet air-pilot, set his plane down last week on a smooth ice-floe about twelve and one-half miles from the North Pole. At approximately the same hour as the aviator was flying over the little-known wastes with his ten companions, a Moscow audience was greeting the first performance of "The Dream," a play by Vodopyanov. In this tale, the hero dreams of an Arctic flight and then fulfils his dream by reaching the North Pole. Also on the actual trip were Prof. Otto J. Schmidt, a crew of six and four scientists who will pass the winter in scientific observation. Rear Adm. Richard E. Byrd praised the flight as a "superb undertaking." Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, Arctic explorer, agreed. The Soviet Union claimed the North Pole as its own, but unofficial Washington comment was that the claim would not stand up because the region involved was not land, but water.

* * *

Civic-minded Mayor **William Harm** of Hastings, Nebraska, is intent upon beautifying his municipality, even tho it gives him stiff joints and sore knees. As part of his 1937 face-lifting treatment for the city, he proclaimed "Dandelion day," rounded up sixty men from city departments to clean up the parks. Leading the drive, he dug up all the dandelions in his own yard, then took to a soft chair. Smiling, several hours later, he admitted he was suffering from "Dandelion Knees."

* * *

They're really showing something new out in Missouri now. Miss **Anne Fuqua,** twenty-year-old native of Columbia, Missouri, has been elected Editor of the 1938 "Savitar," University of Missouri yearbook. A senior in the College of Arts and Science, she gets her biggest thrill from riding her father's string of horses. She's also a good swimmer and plays a snappy game of baseball. A member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, the smiling Miss Fuqua was initiated recently into Mortar Board, national honorary organization for senior women.

She also serves on the Student Government Association Cabinet, the Women's Athletic Association Board and belongs to "The Workshop," campus dramatic group. Outside that she takes an average number of courses.

* * *

A new brain-teaser is "altoformanism," the term given by **Adam A. Sanders,** sculptor, to his work. "It is my belief that my new art in its altitudinal dimensions is the true reflection and the veritable symbol of modern life both in its physical and spiritual content," he says.

* * *

Some intimate details of White House animal life were revealed by **Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt** in a weekly radio talk. "There are mice there, as there are in any old house," she said, "and I'm sorry to say we have rats, too. One summer, two of my friends were breakfasting on the South Portico and an animal ran right across their feet, leaped to the balcony and disappeared."

* * *

"We of America are determined on three things," declared **James W. Gerard,** former Ambassador to Germany, at a dinner of The Pilgrims at the Hotel Victoria, London. "We are against war; we are against any alliance and we are against meddling in the muddled affairs of Europe."

* * *

Having found out, hypothetically, at least, the ten best kissers and ten best-dressed men, survey enthusiasts were busy last week trying to figure out the "Six Most Beautifully Groomed **Mustaches** in the Country." Clark Gable leads the "devil-may-care" class; Grover Whalen competes in the "manly and upstanding" group; C. Aubrey Smith tops the "country gentlemen" category; Melvyn Douglas wins the prize for the most sensitive mustache; Adolphe Menjou heads the "dapper" column; and Boake Carter is the winner of the "vigorous" twirlers.

* * *

Unlike Edgar Allan Poe's heralded bird, Hollywood's pet raven never says, "Nevermore." His name is **Jimmie** and when he works he brings in a fancy sum to his owner. At present he has a rôle in an RKO-Radio film which calls for the smoking of an occasional pipe which Dorothy Moore, actress, lights up for him as he sits on the back of a canine coworker.

Acme

Dorothy Moore and her Hollywood buddies . . . a pipeful is called for by "Jimmie the Raven"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DESTINY FOR TWO AGAINST AN EMPIRE

Merging Fate-Lines of Royal Duke and Baltimore Belle

Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being; and have no heed;
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act to this one end:
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

Fate — Susan M. Spaulding

1894. *June 23—Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David was born at White Lodge, Richmond Park, to T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York. As Queen Victoria's first English great-grandson, the baby stood third in line to Britain's Throne.*

1896. **June 19—Mrs. Teackle Wallis Warfield, a young American widow, gave birth to a daughter, Bessie Wallis Warfield.**

1907. *Prince Edward entered Osborne as a naval cadet.*
In Baltimore, the financially-embarrassed Warfields accepted paying guests.

1911. *The seventeen-year-old Edward was invested formally as Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle.*
Little Bessie Warfield starred at basket-ball for Arundel School.

1914. *The Prince of Wales faced death near the front-line trenches.*
Miss Warfield made her début at the Bachelors' Cotillion, Baltimore.

1916. *The Prince of Wales assumed leadership of a committee to tend the graves of the War dead.*
On November 8, Wallis Warfield married Lt. E. Winfield Spencer, Jr., U.S.N.

1920. *The Prince of Wales, on a trip round the world, stopped April 7 and 8 at the Hotel Del Coronado in San Diego, California.*
Other guests of the Del Coronado included Lt. and Mrs. E. Winfield Spencer, Jr., who did not meet the Prince.

1925. *The Prince of Wales, touring South Africa, was reported erroneously as engaged to a Swedish Princess.*
Mrs. Spencer joined her husband at Shanghai, China.

1927. *The Prince of Wales won a prize at the London Cattle Show.*
On December 6, Mrs. Spencer divorced her husband for desertion, in court proceedings at Warrenton, Virginia.

1928. *His Royal Highness reviewed a fishing-fleet.*
On July 21, the ex-Mrs. Spencer married Capt. Ernest Aldrich Simpson in a London Registry Office.

* * *

1934. Mrs. Simpson was introduced to the Prince of Wales.
They were at Biarritz together, sailed on the Duke of Westminster's yacht and enjoyed winter sports at Kitzbühl.

1935. London parties, week-ends at Fort Belvedere, the Prince's home.

1936. His father's death on January 20 made Edward King-Emperor. Mrs. Simpson persuaded the new monarch to wear a fur-lined coat in the funeral procession.
In the spring, she appeared in a court-circular; in the late summer, unaccompanied by her husband, she shared the King's Adriatic cruise.
October 27—Mrs. Simpson received a divorce from her husband on ground of his adultery.
December 4—Mrs. Simpson hurried from London to the Riviera.
December 10—King Edward abdicated through his love for her.
December 11—H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor left Britain for Austria.

1937. April 27—Mrs. Simpson's divorce-decree became final and the Duke hastened to join her at the Château of Cande, in France.
May 10—Dropping the childhood "Bessie" as well as her ex-husband's surname, Mrs. Simpson changed her name to Mrs. Wallis Warfield.
June 3—She will change it again, becoming H.R.H. the Duchess of Windsor.

No member of the Royal Family will

Wide World

Kingdom lost, the Windsors face life together

Photos © International, Keystone, Wide World

Prince Edward at 2 . . . Bessie Warfield at 1 (above) . . . and in later years when they still remained unaware of each other

Cecil Beaton from International

At 40 Mrs. Wallis W. Simpson met the Prince

© International

Edward fell in love at the risk of an Empire

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attend the wedding. In fact, the only guests will be friends who stood by the couple after the crisis last December.

Meanwhile, the ducal pair's future intrigued fortune-tellers as much as their involved past. In London, an astrologer predicted:

"There is a probability of a child being born who will become famous. The child from its arrival will absorb the whole life of the Duchess. . . .

"While certain planetary configurations propose an impulsive start for the bridal pair, the marriage will not progress along the idealistic lines imagined by the Duke and his consort."

GRACEFUL EXIT: Baldwin Bowing Himself Out, Deserting Politics for Pipe and Pigs

Twenty-nine years ago this Friday, Stanley Baldwin, scion of a great Worcestershire steel works family, inherited his father's seat in the House of Commons. He has held it since then. On the verge of seventy, he is relinquishing his office after four Prime Ministerships.

"Far better to go when people may still think of you as perhaps not incompetent to do your work," he told his constituents huskily last month, "than to stay until perhaps they know before you do that you are becoming incompetent. . . . While I believe my judgment to be as good—if it has been good—as it has ever been, I am conscious that my vitality is to a certain extent sapped."

He echoed the same mood in an address begging British employers for more generous labor legislation: "I must adjust myself to private life and try to grow old gracefully, without being a nuisance to any one."

Good-By—Last week, in one of the most touching speeches of his career, he voiced his formal farewell to the youth of the Empire: "I have had my hour. I pass soon into the shade; but for you, life lies before you like a boundless ocean and the imagination of youth is busy launching flotillas of dream-ships upon its waters. It's not only young men who dream dreams, nor old men who see visions. I have dreams and I am sure you have visions—and let us, to-night, combine our dreams and our visions, your eagerness, your courage, your strength and my experience."

He was bequeathing to youth the troublous task of preserving civil and religious liberty, democracy and the Empire.

Mr. Baldwin leaves office at the height of his popularity; the millions who watched the Coronation procession had more cheers for him than any one except the Royal Family. His cleverness during the December crisis when, with Britain and the Empire lined up solidly behind him, he saved the principle of constitutional monarchy, made him, in Britain's opinion, one of her greatest Prime Ministers.

Less than two years ago, his countrymen had clamored for his skin. Public opinion was outraged by the Hoare-Laval accord which promised Italy a slice of Ethiopia with the Powers' blessing. Baldwin saved his own post at Hoare's expense. When the public had calmed down, he readmitted the victim to the Cabinet.

War Debt—At the outset, Baldwin's political career was not promising. For years he scarcely made a speech and his first minor Cabinet post came in 1917. As Chancellor of the Exchequer under Andrew Bonar Law in 1922-'23, he negotiated what the British considered a very generous War-debt settlement with America and placed the Prime Minister in a hole.

Underwood

Stanley Baldwin will leave public life to grow old "without being a nuisance to any one"

When the Scottish-Canadian resigned because of illness, King George had to choose a successor between two Tory leaders, Baldwin and Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. The King and the Party picked Baldwin, who, at least, had a seat in the Commons. "Not even a public figure," the brilliant ex-Viceroy to India sobbed. "A man of no experience—of the utmost insignificance."

It is a truism that the British distrust brilliance. In Baldwin's blunt face, stocky figure, baggy tweeds and the pipe which is as inevitable as his insistence that he is a "plain man," they see themselves. He talks of his love for pigs: he would rather keep them than rule Britain. He visions labor in the comfortable paternalistic relationship of his own mills, "where nobody ever got the sack and where a large number of old gentlemen used to spend their days sitting on the handles of wheelbarrows, smoking their pipes."

He explained away one bad boner—the 1926 general strike—by saying that he had favored another policy when "Winston (Churchill) came along with his hundred-horse-power brain and what could I do?"

Only recently, Churchill, who for years had clamored for a tremendous arms investment to match the Reich's, had to see the credit for the new $7,000,000,000 program go to Baldwin. The brilliant Winston impulsively had backed the wrong horse during the abdication trouble.

Alarums—The English, Baldwin winningly admitted on another occasion, "are less open to the intellectual sense than the Latin races." Then his lackadaisical foreign policy several times pressed the country to the verge of war from which he managed to veer off just in time.

But Britons believe his heart is in the right place. In 1919, he invested one-fifth of his $3,000,000 fortune in War bonds and turned them back to the Treasury. In an anonymous letter to *The Times*, he urged the wealthy to do likewise and save the Government perhaps $1,000,000,000. His less idealistic countrymen, however, contributed only $2,500,000. To-day, he is a comparatively poor man and the house on Eaton Square where the Baldwins soon will reside is the gift of their son-in-law.

"I am just one of yourselves," the Prime Minister tells his followers, "who has been called to special work for the country at this time." Then he lyricizes on England (as they would like to) and they are more than ever convinced. England is "the wild anemones in the woods in April, the last load at night of hay being drawn down a lane as the twilight comes on, when you can scarcely distinguish the figures of the horses as they take it home to the farm. And, above all—most subtle, most penetrating and most moving—the smell of wood-smoke coming up in an autumn evening. . . ."

Rudyard Kipling, his first cousin, called Baldwin the "literary member of the family."

SOUR JUNKET: Hungary's Smiles Freeze When Duce's Son-in-Law Snubs Visiting Italian Queen

Countess Julius Karolyi, only daughter of Vice-Adm. Nicholas Horthy de Nagybánya and niece by marriage of that Count Julius Karolyi who was Hungarian Premier in 1931-'32, died in Switzerland last week. No Budapest paper mentioned her death.

Her father, Hungary's Regent, was caught up in State festivities which precluded any reference to his private grief. For Premier Benito Mussolini had sent his ally and good friend, King Victor Emmanuel III, together with Queen Elena and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty-two-year-old Princess Maria, to try to lure Hungary back into the Italian orbit.

Tho he sometimes visits the Italian colonies and shoots elephants in Somaliland, the monarch had not made a trip to a foreign country since he visited Egypt five years ago. To the king-loving Hungarians he was even a more welcome guest than *Il Duce*.

Style—In carriages drawn by white Arab horses, the party drove past enthusiastic Magyars to the Royal Palace high above the Danube in the old city of Buda, where they occupied the Maria Theresa wing. Among the sixteen car-loads of celebrities and clerks which their special train disgorged in the Capital was one who outranked the Royal Family in importance—young Count Galeazzo Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister and the Dictator's son-in-law and faithful mimic.

He outraged Budapest gallantry by standing with his back to the tall Queen while he chatted with an Italian diplomat. The rudeness occurred in a public stand while the King and the Regent saluted a parade of the Hungarian Army. The review itself was not without drama.

"After the infantry, cavalry and artillery passed," the New York *Times* reported, "there was a long pause, followed by the noise of heavy-engined machines slowly advancing along the road in the distance. Diplomats and military attachés up to the beginning were not sure that Hungary would not, after all, yield to the pressure being put upon her by Italy to repudiate clauses of the Trianon Treaty during this visit and produce forbidden armaments (which no one doubts she possesses).

"Consequently, a subdued murmur arose. One minister was seen to get out his notebook. From all directions, cameras were leveled to snap the detachment. When, finally, the machines came into view, they proved to be nothing more formidable than motorized road-sweepers. The diplomats broke into smiles."

Presumably, Count Ciano had failed. For all their courtesy, Premier Kálmán Darányi, less pro-Fascist than the late Julius de Gömbös, and Foreign Minister Kálmán Kánya were deep in Central European intrigue which tended to drag them from Rome. Many believed they would openly break the treaty—which Austria already has violated—only after secret understandings with their Rumanian and Yugoslav neighbors.

Souring—Italy's recent treaty with Yugoslavia, guaranteeing the borders of a State which Hungarian revisionists have attacked since the War, did not help her relations with Hungary. Moreover, Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg of Austria, who learned in Venice that Italy's German friendship makes Mussolini less anxious than before to guarantee Austrian independence, recently has tried to convince the Hungarians that they, too, have nothing to expect from the Reich.

Influenced by Paris, Austria argued for an alliance by which Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Austria and Hungary might break down Balkan trade barriers. Agricultural Hungary and Rumania might well exchange produce for manufactures of Austria and Czechoslovakia. In the diplomatic conversations carried on *sotto voce* during King George's Coronation, Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Secretary, supported the scheme. "A firmer contact between Vienna and Budapest must be found," he said.

Acme

King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena of Italy . . . political envoys of Mussolini

"Nobody wants organic unity at this time, but an economic understanding that permits closest cooperation must be achieved. Our Government will go far to help you in that endeavor."

In Paris, where Dr. Guido Schmidt, Austrian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, stopped off to discuss the project, King Victor Emmanuel's trip was not taken too seriously. *Le Temps* sounded the official point of view: "Tho the visit of the Italian sovereigns to Budapest may testify to the cordiality of Italo-Hungarian relations . . . it is hardly possible that it can profoundly modify the situation as it stands at present: an orientation toward an economic grouping of the States of the Danubian region with a view to assuring respect for their independence and sovereignty."

After four gala days, the Italians departed, leaving Regent-Admiral Horthy free to mourn his daughter.

SLOW HELP: Catalonians Tussle "Enemy Within" as Bilbao Dodges Bombs and Bullets

Hard pressed by Insurgent Gen. Emilio Mola's Foreign Legionnaires and Italian contingents, Bilbao's doughty Basques patiently waited for help promised by their Catalan fellow Loyalists last week.

It was Luis Companys, President of Spain's autonomous Republic of Catalonia, who had promised them substantial assistance against the Fascists. The dead-line almost expired and General Mola's German-built Heinkel air-planes were showering deadly bombs and machine-gunning Bilbao's defenseless civilians.

Outraged Basque fighters heaved a sigh of relief every time a boat filled with children thrust its nose to sea, carrying its charges to safe English refuges. But the problem of overpopulation and ebbing food rations remained, with the enemy only fifteen miles off the city's powerful defenses.

With throbbing hearts the Basques read of the brave dash Madrid's militiamen were making against the enemy entrenched in the University City and Casa de Campo districts of Madrid. But they knew that Generalissimo Francisco Franco's resolve to capture Bilbao was unflinching—part of a solemn promise he had made to his Italian Fascist and German Nazi backers. With Bilbao's famed ore-mines and factories he wanted to pay his debts and wrest Loyalist territory from Valencia's grasp.

Reasons—The Basques knew that, had everything been well, their Government at Valencia would not have left them practically without air-planes to counter-attack the Rebels. They also knew that the Catalans delayed succor because they had their own troubles to contend with.

For, only a fortnight ago, Barcelona's Anarcho-Syndicalists had again flared up in revolt against the Central Government, causing it to fall. In vain did Premier Francisco Largo Caballero try to weld the Loyalist political forces together under his firm grasp. Fascists, said to be disguised as violent Anarchist trouble-makers, combined with P.O.U.M. (Workers' Party of Marxist Unification) Trotzkyists to stage a civil war within a civil war.

But the Government acted with unwonted firmness, suppressed the riots and changed hands along smooth democratic lines. The ill-timed "revolt" proved a blessing to the Loyalists, for the new Premier, Juan Negrin, found the disgruntled extreme Anarchists were really a minor element. Once formed, his Cabinet received the growing support of Communists, Socialists and Republicans. But the Basques still waited on Catalonia.

Cut Off—Not only during this civil war but also throughout Spanish history, Catalonia has played a major rôle. Forming 10 per cent. (12,430 square miles) of Spain's area, the Catalan country houses 195 persons to the square mile. It contains 20 per cent. of Spain's inhabitants and comprises four Provinces (Barcelona, Tarragona, Gerona and Lerida). Richest region in Spain, both agriculturally and industrially, it is a land of rugged individualists, cut off from the south and west of the Iberian peninsula by ore-producing mountains, fertile plains and the Mediterranean Sea.

To-day the Catalan Republic proudly flaunts its flag—bearing four red bars on a golden background—over rich, industrial, virtually churchless Barcelona, the Capital, where placards atop the buildings announce that all business and factories have been taken over by the labor unions.

Strangers—The people of Catalonia speak a language that is closely akin to the medieval Provençal of southern France. So different is their language from Castilian Spanish that Catalonians are said to feel more at home talking to an Italian or a Frenchman than to a Spaniard. It is a guttural tongue of inharmonious vowel combinations, developed from Latin, which reached its flower in the fourteenth century. To-day Catalan is the official language in the Republic, except in correspondence with the Spanish Government.

The Catalan race really came into being when Hamilcar Barca, Hannibal's father, founded a Carthaginian city on the site of the modern Barcelona and called it after himself—Barcino. Later the Romans occupied the country, which they called *Hispania Terraconensis*. With the break-up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Keystone

President Companys of autonomous Catalonia

of the Roman Empire, the Goths swooped down on the land, which became known as *Gothalania*, later modified to the present name. The Arabs succeeded in occupying only its southern part.

The modern Catalan is a mixture of Greek, Celto-Iberian, Roman, Goth, Visigoth, Vandal, Norman and Suevi blood. Only the sheer force of necessity drove the Catalan to fighting, for by nature he is a business man who distrusts strangers and is wary of even his intimates. A Catalan saying is: "God protect me from my friends; I can deal with my enemies."

Desire—Hence their aversion to travel, which Catalans undertake chiefly for business reasons. Keen traders, their love of property is intense; the height of Catalan ambition is to retire on a plot of ground with a little house. So ingrained is this love of property and distrust of strangers in the Catalan's being that he has developed forms of anarchism and of communism entirely native to his soil.

Catalans prefer municipal and village rule to that of a central government, not because they are warlike but because they pin little faith on others, especially when "others" means endowed authority.

Otherwise the peaceful Catalans devote their tireless energy to their rich home industries, which they have developed so mightily that their country has gained the name of the "Iberian Lancashire." Catalonia is Spain's industrial giant and through Barcelona fully one-fourth of Spain's commerce plies. Besides manufacturing 90 per cent. of the peninsula's textiles, Catalonia has valuable iron, lead and leather industries; silk, jute and paper mills, valued at $5,000,000,000; and grape and olive groves that yield 25 per cent. of the country's entire crop. Yet Catalans have never gone in for mass production, prefer small industrial units.

Catalonia was among the first Spanish Provinces to clamor for autonomy and first to get it. Its action caused the fall of the monarchy in 1931. But Catalan extremists were not satisfied, they wanted absolute independence. They knew that the rest of Spain needed them financially. So when the civil war flared up last July, all eyes turned toward Barcelona, whose humming factories were transformed into war munitions-works.

Threat—At first the Anarcho-Syndicalists and Communists refused to cooperate with Madrid or their own moderate Left-wingers. Open warfare was threatened and the *Generalitat* (Government) of Barcelona was able to bring about union only when Malaga fell to the Rebels.

Hastily a Central Committee of Anti-Fascist Militia was constituted, with branches in every town, which led the Madrid Cabinet to include Marxists among its members.

As a result of the unrest early in May President Companys was able to organize a Cabinet representing the leading unions. His victory also allowed the central Valencia Government to centralize and unify the military command, Catalonia recognizing its right to defend the *Generalitat* against invasion. Otherwise Catalonia remains free to keep up its program of collectivizing industry and of instituting social reforms.

TROUBLOUS ISLE: Too Many People and Not Enough Jobs Is Puerto Rico's Plight

Material progress has turned Puerto Rico into an isle of poverty.

Thirty-nine years ago, the United States took over this ninety-five by thirty-five-mile chunk of the Greater Antilles from Spain. American medical science warred on disease and the population soared. In 1900, it was estimated at 900,000; in 1936, at 1,700,000.

Puerto Ricans were unable to find work for their large families. Just as modern ideas have jumped the population, so have the people of this West Indian island turned to modern ideas to slash census figures. In birth control, an issue which has stirred bitter controversy in the tropical possession for several years, the lawmakers believe they have found a weapon against unemployment.

When Puerto Rico went under the American flag at the close of the Spanish-American War (1898), its people acclaimed the change. Hating Spain's medieval rule, they saw visions of new freedom.

Split—To-day, Puerto Ricans are divided in their allegiance to *Uncle Sam*. But all agree that the benefits of American sovereignty are mixed with the bitter fruits of overpopulation and unemployment.

Last week, they tasted one of these fruits when immigration officials at New York balked at the free entry into this country which Puerto Ricans enjoy as American citizens. These officials asked Washington to order medical examinations for its insular immigrants so as to eliminate "slum conditions" caused by the rapid inflow of Puerto Ricans.

In its early years under the Star-Spangled Banner, Puerto Rico became one of the most progressive islands in the Greater Antilles. Trade expanded and American capital boosted its agricultural produce, mostly sugar. Twenty years ago it obtained representative government, with a House and a Senate elected by universal suffrage. The people became United States citizens.

Physicians, educators and missionaries blazed the trail of American social enterprise. A campaign was waged against illiteracy and disease. Births so multiplied that even college graduates could find work only on farms.

Land—The hasty modernization spree hurt the people, for Puerto Rico, blessed by nature, is almost entirely agricultural. From the time Christopher Columbus set foot on its soil in 1493 and claimed it in the name of Spain, Spanish grandees and governors carved its land into large estates.

In vain did hard-worked peasants clamor for better wages and land-parceling, blaming their poverty on absentee landlords. Hence their joyful welcome of the Americans in 1898.

Two years later, the new Government made a gesture to aid the peasants and *peons* by decreeing that no one person might own more than 500 acres of land. But the edict was a dead letter.

To-day, Puerto Rico—about the combined areas of Rhode Island and Delaware—accommodates 450 persons per square mile as compared with 689 for Belgium, 742 for England, 433 for Japan, 618 for the Netherlands and 349 for Italy. By 1929, the congested island counted 38 per cent. of its male population on its jobless rolls. Worse yet, those who did work faced six months of idleness (known as the "dead season") while the sugar-cane grew.

Slums increased, festering holes in town and country. Even among those who found work it became impossible to take care of the many children on an average yearly wage of a little more than $100.

Work—While the population is mostly white, about 400,000 of the Puerto Ricans are *mestizos* or Negroes. They find work largely in four of the island's key industries: sugar-planting, tobacco, coffee and citrus-fruits. A small proportion engage in fishing and manufacturing. Only .7 per cent. of the arable lands are owned by small landlords.

Scoffing at Washington's efforts to relieve poverty and prevent absentee landlordism, Nationalists in recent years have flared up against "American imperialism." They tell the people that while 60 per cent.

Acme

Overpopulation and unemployment shadow the natural loveliness of Puerto Rico

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the lands are controlled by absentee landlords, four mammoth American corporations* virtually own half the sugar-plantations and produce half the crop.

Foremost of those who demand absolute independence is fiery Pedro Albizu Campos, who uses the country's youth for his army of violent Nationalists to exploit the unemployment and distress of *peons* and farm-hands.

Tho in jail on a charge of treason, the Basque-blooded spellbinder preaches a return to Latin civilization and bitter hatred of American capitalism.

Other patriots disagree with Albizu and want to preserve allegiance to the United States, fearing, otherwise, the rise of a dictator or attacks from other countries.

Steps—Feeling its good-neighbor policy might suffer by reports of distress in its island possession, the Roosevelt Administration early supported a plebiscite for its independence within four years pending an investigation into present conditions. Meanwhile, the Puerto Rican Reconstruction Administration under Director Ernest Gruening was established.

When it began its work, the PRRA had 10,000 persons on its rolls and launched projects for housing and slum-clearance, reforestation, school relief, rural electrification, settlement and sanitation. The work entailed a total expenditure of about $41,000,000 and at its peak employed about 60,000 persons.

Then came the drive for birth control to relieve the population pressure. Tho the Roman Catholic Church bitterly opposed dissemination of such ideas, the Legislature acted anyway, passing a bill that removed prohibition on birth control. Shortly afterward another bill created a Eugenics Board, empowered to decide on the fitness of marriage candidates and to order sterilization of those suffering from incurable and hereditary social diseases.

While Gov. Blanton H. Winship was away, the Acting Governor, Rafael Menendez Ramos, signed the Birth-Control Bill. Answering an inquiry by THE LITERARY DIGEST, Ramos asserted that "while 90 per cent. of the Puerto Ricans are reared as Catholics, I do not believe that more than 20 per cent. actually comply with all the requisites of the Church, and these are mostly women."

He added that eventually the dissemination of birth-control information would be conducted both by the Insular Department of Health and by private organizations. This will be financed either by insular government funds or private contributions.

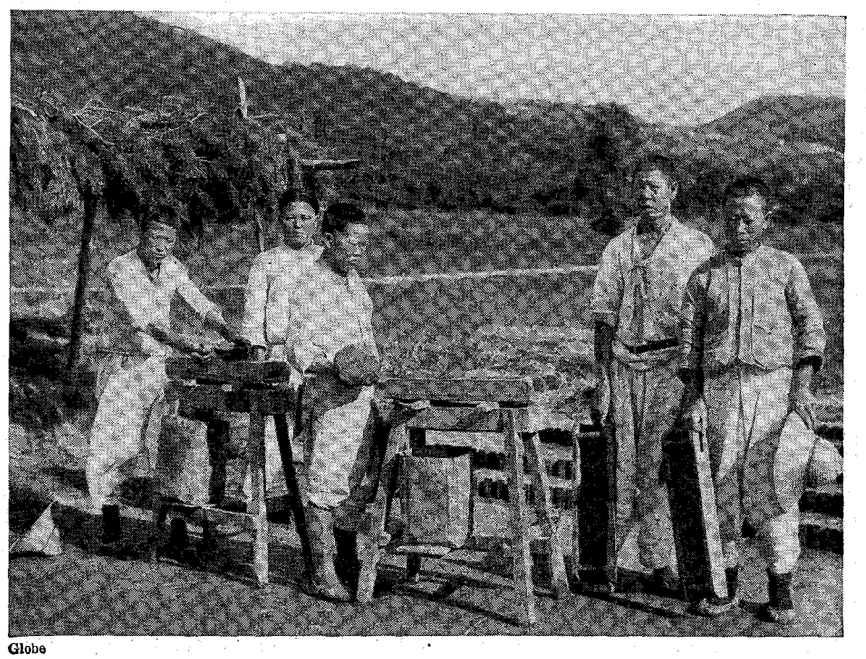
*The four largest American-controlled sugar-producing corporations in Puerto Rico are: South Porto Rico Sugar Co., Central Aguirre Sugar Co., Fajardo Sugar Co. and Eastern Sugar Associates.

LEPER DEATH: Not Oldest Disease, But Mass Shootings and Drownings Kill Scourged Chinese

With a Chinese Bible open on the pulpit of the tiny chapel his own hands had built, Dr. W. H. Dobson, medical missionary, moved his lips over the first words of the sermon he would preach to his lepers.

It was Sunday at Yeung-kong, 250 miles by sea southwest of Canton.

Before the lean, leathery Doctor Dobson in a moment would be assembled some sixty of China's 1,000,000 victims of the oldest disease known to medicine.



Globe

Chinese lepers, even at work in a hospital colony, are not safe

Spurned by the native population, ignored (when not persecuted) by local officials, to the grim missionary they were human beings on whom he had lavished labor and affection for more than two decades—week-days to save and restore their bodies, Sundays to save their souls.

Homes—Single-handed and without money, he had built, besides the chapel, a medical storehouse and low structures in which his charges could live.

Doctor Dobson had no money to feed his lepers. They could not work for a living. Local and national governments provided nothing.

To live at all they could but expose their sores and beg in the streets of the little provincial city and since the first of the year the local garrison had several times forbidden mendicancy without providing other means of subsistence.

Three days ago the impossible had happened.

To every leper answering the roll at the leper station, it was announced, the military would issue what approximated a dime a day.

Wrath—It was security, affluence such as the lepers never had known.

Blinking away a tear of joy as he thought of the blessing that had befallen his charges, Doctor Dobson wondered why they were so late this morning, hoped the sudden rain of silver had not led them astray.

"Dead. . . . All dead . . ." panted a non-leprous member of his flock stumbling through the door.

Dead they were; buried, too.

The dime had been bait to lure into the 'station" every leper in the district.

On this Sunday morning the soldiers had come at dawn, assembled the twenty women, forty men, in line, bound them, shot them, dumped the men in one quicklime trench, the women in another and shoveled in the clods.

The Yeung-kong garrison could report that the city was "rid of beggars."

Only one sufferer escaped. Suspicious when soldiers arrived in such numbers and so early, he crawled under a bunk-house, trembled while his fellows were shot, quivered all day, crawled out only at dark, Yeung-kong's only leper.

Except to send the survivor over the hills to another station, Doctor Dobson was nonplused, knew not what to do.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Dictator of China and to the missionaries almost a saint, had issued stern orders that lepers should be left unmolested. But Chiang Kai-shek was at Nanking, 1,000 miles away.

Orders often are lost in transit. Often local war-lords can not read.

Unobserved by white men, but recorded in the Chinese-language *China Times* of Shanghai was a larger massacre of lepers by the municipal police of the great Southern metropolis of Canton.

Drowning—Bait this time was offer of treatment—possible cure—at "a new leper colony" across the Pearl River. Diagnosed and certified, 215 marked and maimed men, women and children were loaded into three native river-boats and shoved off from the bank.

When, in midstream, the lepers saw the crews pulling wooden plugs from holes in the boat-bottoms, they knew they had been betrayed.

Sick as they were, they overpowered the boatmen, got themselves ashore, still believing that the soldiers had assembled them in good faith and somehow would transport them to the colony.

Twenty-four hours later, when thirteen trucks chugged up to take them, they felt their troubles were over. But the trucks lurched away with their cargoes of fragmented human beings, not to the colony, which was non-existent, but to three long, freshly dug, quicklime trenches on the slope of White Cloud Mountain.

Lined up beside the trenches, the 215 were shot.

Says *The China Times:*

"Because only one bullet was allowed each leper, many were thrown into the prepared graves half dead. Persons living

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

near by, awakened by the shots and cries, witnessed the scene of terror."

Nanking demands a report on the massacre, demands a report, also, on an earlier execution of 140 other lepers.

Uncured narcotic addicts the country over were ordered shot beginning on January 1. An unknown number, not believed large, have been so executed. No such summary solution of the leper problem has been authorized by China's Central Government, but local authorities have been known before to interpret the Generalissimo's decrees with unforeseen liberality.

Once authorized to shoot the sick, a *coolie* hoisted by his boot-straps to despotic local power as a war-lord, may overstep all bounds.

RED BATON: Mystery Marshal Takes Command of Russia's Army in New Stalinist Shake-Up

Rifles cracked in a courtyard 3,500 miles east of Moscow last week and forty-four more Russians "convicted" of treason, espionage and for sabotage toppled against a wall.

Since August, the great bend where the Amur River, the Transsiberian Railway and the northern fringes of Japan's Manchukuo hug one another in thousand-mile-long permanent panic, spy-scares have flourished.

Russians and Japanese have sniped, spied, raided, arrested, imprisoned and executed one another in a slow-motion skirmish without end. Border "incidents," ignored in the press of both countries, make serial-adventure yarns in governmental files in Tokyo and Moscow. Only officials read them. But Svobodni's mass execution, largest since 117 were executed in Leningrad in the winter of 1934, sent a shudder the length of Russia.

Second and deeper temblor rippled from Minsk to Vladivostok as the long arm of the Trotzky purge reached out and flicked bulky, blond Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky, Red Army Chief, from his saddle.

Long had good Communists known that capitalist armies devour the States which feed them. That the Soviet's pride, the huge, well-paid Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, should have ambitions against the State was unbelievable.

Yet, mentioned casually in the January Trotzkyist trials, Marshal Tukhachevsky lost the confidence of his chiefs, last week lost his office as Vice-Commissar for Defense; and no one would be astonished if soon he lost his head.

Leader — Field-Commander of the Red Army in Russia's last war—against Poland, in 1920 — Marshal Tukhachevsky was counted on to be Field-Commander in the next. This week he mopes in an obscure command, far from Moscow, on the Volga; into his office at the War Commissariat has stepped amiable, dimple-chinned Marshal Alexander Ilyitch Yegerov.

To identify Marshal Yegerov as more than a bit of Soviet stage property, Moscow's press black-typed hitherto overlooked fiftieth-birthday greetings from Dictator Josef V. Stalin. By newspaper magic, Marshal Yegerov becomes "outstanding strategist of the Civil War, one of the organizers of the splendid Red Army victories on the southern and southwestern fronts." Success.

For four years after 1920, "Outstanding Strategist" Yegerov was shifted from one outland garrison to another. In 1924, he was brought to Moscow for three years, sat quietly with the mighty on the Revolutionary Military Council and was packed off for another four-year stretch in command of the White Russian Military District against the Polish frontier.

When, in January, 1935, the rank of marshal was created and conferred on five Red Army generals, Yegerov easily was the least widely known. Klementy Voroshilov was the "iron-man" War Minister, right hand of Stalin. Mikhail Tukhachevsky's field-record had made him famous. Vassili Blücher, Commander of the great Siberian Army and now often mentioned as Stalin's successor, had won celebrity as military strategist under the name of Galen, behind the rise of Chiang Kai-shek in China. Semeon Budienny, swashbuckling Cossack cavalryman, unknowingly "savior of Moscow" from Czarist armies at the Revolution's beginning, near-captor of Warsaw in 1920 and, lately, caviar-gulping life of Moscow official whoopee parties, was best-known and most popular of all. Even tho "he never heard of Karl Marx," they loved him.

Unknown—But Yegerov? Yegerov was, until Stalin's birthday greeting, just another general.

To the shudder that rippled across the Soviet Union as Marshal Tukhachevsky was deposed under suspicion of treason was added another. Reestablished by decree was the system—abolished in 1934—of civilian Political Commissars attached to each unit commander of the Army.

From 1918 until three years ago, while the Red Army was officered largely by not too thoroughly trusted left-overs of the old Imperial Army, civilian Commissars had power of life or death over officers to whom they were assigned. They were dispensed with only after Czarist officers had proven undoubted loyalty to the Soviets or had been replaced by younger, Red-trained, Simon pure Communist Party members.

Since the "safe" year of 1932, when the Army numbered 562,000 men, real or fancied peril, Hitler on the West, Japan on the East, has jumped the Red Army to 940,000 in 1934, 1,300,000 last January, 1,600,000 since the Spanish outbreak threatened imminent general conflict.

© Sovfoto

Swift military juggling brought Alexander Yegerov from obscurity to Red Army limelight

Iron Hand—Two years ago, only half of the rank and file were Communist Party members. Recent swift expansion has further diluted the political color of the Army to an uncertain pallor and the miasma of the far-flung Trotzkyist bugaboo, plus the let-down of morale as the acute threat of general war diminishes, Moscow fears, has made the whole huge machine ripe for internal conspiracies.

To keep the Army ready for war is the responsibility of Marshal Yegerov and his officers. Laid upon the civilian commissars is the responsibility for its "political and moral condition."

In other words, they are to keep it Red and safe for Stalin. Without their counter-signature, no officer's orders, be he lieutenant or top-ranking general, are valid.

Stepped up to fever-heat will be the "education" of the men in the ranks. Spied upon, watched day and night for slightest hint of dissatisfaction or of plotting, will be the officers. Rounded up for mass treason-trials as were the civilians of last August and last January will be the suspects. The heat is on.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Vienna—Failure to prevent the World War by shielding Austria's Archduke Francis Ferdinand from Assassin Gabriel Princip with his own body at Serajevo in 1914 clouded the last twenty-three years of the life of Count Francis Harrach, who died here last week. Count Harrach, whose car the Archduke was using, wished to stand on the footboard as the car passed through the streets of the Bosnian Capital. "Don't make a fool of yourself," the Archduke admonished Harrach. An hour later, Francis Ferdinand was dead, twelve million other Europeans doomed to die.

* * *

Wuhu, China—Sentences to parade in paper hats under police escort for harboring dirt during a New Life Movement cleanliness drive precipitated a shopkeepers' strike in this city. Rather than be made ridiculous, with consequent loss of face, many merchants closed their stores.

* * *

Belgrade, Yugoslavia—To nine-year-old Prince Tomislav, brother to fourteen-year-old King Peter, is granted every small boy's ambition to be a fireman. The Prince is not only a fireman, but, as patron of *Vatrogasni Savez Kraljevine Yugoslavije* (Yugoslav Firemen's Association), he is boss of 2,200 local fire-brigades, 105 divisions and nine unions, with a total personnel of 66,000 active and 56,000 auxiliary members. Sentenced to the usual Yugoslav Prince's training in an English preparatory school, Prince Tomislav reluctantly has left his fireman's uniform in Belgrade.

* * *

Peiping, China — Students here pride themselves on the vehemence, originality and frequency of their public demonstrations in many causes. Latest development is the formation of a "Kneeling and Crying Corps" to persuade Dr. Liu Cheh to accept the Presidency of Northeastern University.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEN MILLION STRAINING TO HEAR

Deafness, Cruel to Victims, Is Alleviated by New Devices

What you don't hear will hurt you, if you are one of 10,000,000 hard-of-hearing Americans.

The impatient shout and the annoyed repetitions of unsympathetic conversationalists tend to send the person with defective hearing skittering off into a defensive world of his own. He tends to become morose, timid, pessimistic and cynical. The strain of trying to understand conversation which is but imperfectly heard gives rise to tension which may result in nervous exhaustion and irritability.

Psychic effects of deafness are worse than those of blindness, says Royal Brown, short-story writer, himself hard of hearing.

The deaf receive neither the social consideration nor the help in economic adjustment that so freely are tendered to the blind.

Not all hard-of-hearing folk suffer psychic scars, of course.

In Chicago, last week, deaf actors rehearsing for a variety show at the forthcoming convention of the National Association for the Deaf were undisturbed by boos or applause.

In the same city, Frances Wood, twenty-three-year-old cabaret performer, dances for a living, altho she was born a deaf mute and never has heard music. She absorbs the vibration of musical tones through her feet.

Edison made an asset of his deafness, used it to shut himself off from people who wanted to talk about things that didn't interest him. He consistently refused artificial hearing-aids. In this he reflected a strange complex of the hard of hearing: Through timidity, shyness or modesty, thousands of deaf people do not avail themselves of the very real benefits of scientific hearing-aids. Many persons with defective hearing do not need to be deaf at all.

Acme

Frances Wood, deaf since birth, "hears" the dance music through floor-vibrations

Hearing difficulties are much more wide-spread than is generally believed. A conservative estimate, based on group-tests throughout the United States, places the number of hard of hearing at 10,000,000 and the number of totally deaf at 90,000. On audiometer tests, 11 per cent. of New York schoolchildren proved to have impaired hearing. Three million schoolchildren face the possibility of serious hearing handicaps unless the gradual onset of deafness is checked.

Economically, deafness bears down cruelly on its victims. Four out of every ten persons with defective hearing have had to change their occupations following their disability. Employers hesitate to hire deaf persons on the ground that they have more accidents, altho companies writing compensation insurance make no such discrimination and, in fact, consider the deaf a superior safety risk.

Too, there is an industrial hold-over of the ancient idea that the deaf, because they were likely also to be mute* if born without a sense of hearing, were mentally defective.

Most States used to discriminate against the deaf in issuing automobile-driving licenses. Recently this trend has been checked, with many traffic authorities conceding that the deaf are among the safest drivers on the highway because they recognize their disability and take no chances.

Deafness may be congenital, a defect of the inner ear. To some extent a tendency may be hereditary. More common causes are the after-effects of such diseases as meningitis, scarlet fever, measles and mumps, which affect the inner ear. Any child who, after suffering one of these diseases, develops running ears, which too many parents dismiss casually, should be taken to an ear-clinic or an otologist.

If a threat of deafness is developing, it often can be corrected by early treatment. Hearing losses develop so gradually that they often do not become noticeable until high-school age, when the most effective period for treatment is past.

Din—Constant noise, overstimulating the auditory nerves, also can cause deafness. Quinin is a drug which specifically attacks the auditory nerves and its use in childbirth can affect the hearing of infants adversely. Salicylates and alcohol also are charged with causing nerve-deafness.

Deafness is of two types: Diseases which affect the nerve of hearing and diseases affecting the mechanism which conducts sound to the nerve. Nerve-deafness yields but little to treatment or hearing-aids. Fortunately, most hard-of-hearing cases result from trouble in the conductive machinery of the ear. Loss of hearing usually is slight and can be brought almost to normal with a well-fitted hearing-aid.

Two hundred years ago the deafened person (a deaf individual, technically, is considered to be one born without a sense of hearing) could use an ear-trumpet, crudely constructed of wood or horn. Its function was purely that of collecting sound-waves and it was useless except in very mild cases. Also available for the more daring was a French contraption called the ear-cornet, applied to the outside of the ear and held there by a spring.

A few decades later came the precursor of the modern bone-conduction hearing-aid. It was a thin sheet of ebonite rubber or birchwood-veneer about the size of a shovel-blade. It was bound into a curving form by strings and fitted with a handle to be pressed against the front teeth. It caught sounds and transferred their vibrations through the teeth to the bones of the head and, thus, to the auditory center.

The otologist is the medical specialist who prescribes for defective hearing. The patient probably will receive an audiometer test. This is a device like a phonograph developed by the Western Electric Company in 1927 to test the hearing of schoolchildren. It plays a series of records with constantly decreasing voice-tones until the threshold of hearing is reached.

Yardstick—Having scientifically measured hearing-loss with the audiometer, the specialist may advise an operation on the ear or removal of tonsils or adenoids, correction of nasal disease or he may send the patient to any one of a number of companies specializing in hearing-aids. If the patient is an adult, the latter recommendation is the most probable.

There are a number of firms offering excellent instruments which the patient's physician will recommend. They operate on electrical principles, are small enough to wear inconspicuously on the person, or the size of a small suitcase for room use, as by lawyers and judges in a court-room.

In fitting the "Acousticon," one of the wearable hearing-aids, a device called the "Aurogauge" is used which enables the patient to see the sound of voices and thus aid in determining his prescription. Hearing-aids are made up of a great number of essential parts which are available in many hundreds of combinations. It is the job

© International

Science aids religion . . . ear-phones are wired to a microphone in the pulpit

*The word "dumb" is prohibited by law from the official titles of institutions for deaf mutes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy Acousticon

An appliance to please the most sensitive deaf . . . demonstrated to show concealed parts

of the "Auroguage" to enable the patient to review all these combinations with his own ears.

A cathode-ray tube permits the patient to see sound. A thin, straight line of light oscillates in peaks and valleys when a voice speaks in the room.

The louder the sound, the more exaggerated the oscillation. If a hearing-aid helps the patient to hear more distinctly, he can prove to his own satisfaction that the attendant is speaking no louder by watching the oscillating line.

In general, any modern hearing-aid consists of transmitter, an amplifier, a receiver and a battery. The transmitter's function is to gather sound. The amplifier, fitting on top of the tiny battery, has an astonishing power to step up sound from almost any distance.

One of these amplifiers, hitched to an old-fashioned crystal-radio set, would produce enough volume to operate a modern loud-speaker.

Aids—Receivers are of two general types: the bone-conduction and air-conduction. Bone-conductors are small and inconspicuous, held in place by an almost invisible head-band which holds the receiver against the bony section behind the ear. From there the skeletal construction of the head carries the sound to the auditory nerve.

Air-conduction receivers nestle in the ear and are so light that their presence is forgotten quickly. In the case of women, the aids are invisible, the various parts concealed beneath clothing or hair. A common fear of the hard of hearing, that daily use of a powerful hearing-aid over a prolonged period would result in a loss of what natural sensitivity might have remained, has been proved scientifically to be groundless.

Organizations for the deaf are doing their best to break down the peculiar aversion to artificial hearing-aids which exists among the hard of hearing.

Some deaf people, of course, can not be helped by mechanical aids. If born deaf, they used to be mute as well, simply because they could not hear speech-sounds and, hence, were unable to duplicate them. To-day, however, such persons usually can be taught to speak. The United States has 209 schools for deaf children. All States except Delaware, Nevada, New Hampshire and Wyoming have schools of the residential type.

Day-schools for the deaf usually are parts of the city school system. Most such schools do not cover high-school work, but prepare their students for work with regular-hearing pupils. The only college for the deaf in the world is Gallaudet College, conducted by the Federal Government at Washington.

Lip-reading schools are available to any deafened person. One of the oldest was established in New York in 1903 by Edward B. Nitchie, himself hard of hearing. In thirty-three years it has turned out 2,500 students. Curiously enough, the stone-deaf learn lip-reading more rapidly than those with partial hearing. Their ears admit no half-heard sounds to confuse them.

Twists—Before learning the lip "alphabet," students first are trained to distinguish common sentences. Then they advance to the sounds P, B, M. Hardest to distinguish are homophonous sounds such as *ferry* and *very*, in which there is no perceptible alteration in the shape of the lips. Context often helps in the interpretation. L, D and T are considered tongue-dropping sounds. Lip-readers have a national federation of societies, become incredibly expert in interpreting sounds from the odd contortions taken by the lips in speaking.

One of the delights of lip-reading vanished with the silent movies. All too often, when the wavy-haired hero murmured sweet nothings into the shell-like ear of the heroine, lip-readers were amused to "hear" that what he was actually saying was something like this:

"You little tramp, don't hog the camera or I'll bash your pretty face in."

Producers were pretty perturbed about the whole business until they persuaded their temperamental artists to restrain their sentiments.

IRON RATIONS: Fakirs Swallow Swords, But Amateurs Take Cake Lunching on Hardware

A startled surgeon in Bombay last week fished the following items from the clattering stomach of a Hindu patient:

Eighteen penknives.
Two door-keys.
Five flat steel blades.
Three naked knife-blades.
Four steel hooks.
Two steel loops.
The sides of two knives.
A number of small steel rivets.

The patient was a magician who for fifteen years had made his living performing before India's rajas and nabobs. One of his acts was the swallowing of penknives which he disgorged later privately.

A few months ago he discovered that he was a stay-down-strike victim. Tho deserted by his regurgitative skill, he continued performing, soon complained of gastric uneasiness. X-rays revealed the source of his trouble and a *laparotomy* was done. Now minus his hardware and recuperating from a twelve-stitch incision, the Hindu plans hopefully to return to his magic.

© International

A bronchoscopist looks at a human interior before removing swallowed gadgets

The real records for odd stomach contents, however, are held by amateurs who do their swallowing non-professionally. In five days' time while she worked in the notions department of a New York store, Miss Mabel Wolf swallowed exactly 1,203 items of hardware.

When she felt depressed, she said, she cheered herself up by indulging in a little nut-and-bolt snack.

Finally, after one week of hardware lunch, she began to feel pains in her stomach. In March, 1934, she went to Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, where an operation was performed with the following inventory:

588	fine upholstery-tacks	3	picture-frame hooks
144	carpet-tacks	2	large bent safety-pins
2	chair-tacks	1	small safety-pin
1	round-headed thumb-tack	1	head of a nail
3	ordinary thumb-tacks	3	brass nails
46	small screws	83	pins
6	medium screws	9	pins without heads
80	large screws	1	matted mass of hair containing screws and pins
1	hook-shaped coat-hanger	59	assorted beads
30	small bolts	4	pieces of wire
47	larger bolts	89	pieces of glass
3	nuts	1	teacup-handle

Museum—The collection was put on display for incredulous medical students, mute testimony to the resilience of the human stomach.

The hardware had been consumed five years before the operation, according to the attending surgeon. Meanwhile, the patient had been doctoring herself with various medicines. Recovery was uneventful, the only prescription being rest and a more orthodox diet.

Runner-up for honors is Mrs. Paul Pappas of Nyack, New York, who, in February, 1935, had 234 pieces of assorted hardware removed from her stomach. The objects, swallowed over a period of several years, had accumulated in a hard ball. Among the items reclaimed were a meat-skewer, teaspoons, pins, links of automobile chains and fragments of bed-springs. Rounded and curved bits of glass in assorted sizes also had been swallowed. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pins had been bent carefully and swallowed blunt-end first.

When foreign objects reach the stomach, only an operation can retrieve them unless they are of such form as to pass through the system. Children, however, frequently swallow safety-pins and similar dangerous objects which lodge in the tubes leading to the stomach. Then the bronchoscope, life-giving instrument perfected by far-famed Dr. Chevalier Jackson of Philadelphia, comes into play. It is a device with an electric light which dives into the throat and clutches the offending object with such dexterity that an expert operator sometimes can close an open safety-pin.

NEW HOPE: Medical Research Takes Another Trench in Unceasing War Against Cancer

Every now and then cancer, sinister Master Mind of medicine's top-flight mystery drama, yields a clue which twists its malignant trail in a new direction for experimenters carrying on their unrelenting battle.

Last week came news that corn-starch grains caused cancers to disappear more or less completely when they were injected into certain types of malignant growths in mice.

The experiment was described by Dr. Robert Chambers of New York University in the annual report of the International Cancer Research Foundation of Philadelphia.

It was accompanied by the usual warning, depressingly characteristic of all announcements in cancer research, that the treatment could not be regarded as a cure.

Corn-starch injections have thus far been used only on animals.

What started Doctor Chambers raiding the pantry for raw materials was the observation that certain white corpuscles, or leucocytes, seemed to destroy cancer-cells.

Corn-starch, he thought, might attract these white-cell warriors if injected into tumors.

Threads—Fifty mice were selected for experiment. Cancer was produced under their front legs by inoculation with a virulent, swift-growing tumor-strain which ordinarily killed its hosts within two weeks.

When the tumors were well developed, Doctor Chambers and his experimenting associates injected corn-starch in such a way as to thread the grains through the tissue.

Results were startling. Forty-five per cent. of the tumors disappeared within thirty days. The starch-grains had concentrated an army of white cells in the tissues which, in effect, slashed away the cancer substance to be scavenged by the body. In the 55 per cent. of cases in which the tumors did not completely vanish, growth was inhibited and there was extensive destruction of the malignant cells.

Theoretically, the white cells should form a first line of defense against cancer. But Doctor Chambers sounds the warning that this has not been definitely proved, for some human cancers continue to grow, physicians have found, even when many leucocytes are present.

Spear-head of the attack on cancer is the search for causes of the disease. No less important is the hunt for a test which will prove the presence of cancer in a human being. Syphilis has its Wassermann and Kahn tests, gonorrhea its fixation test, pneumonia its diagnostic typing. Equally simple tests for cancer would save countless lives, for in early recognition of malignancy lies the strongest hope of cure. Several such tests have been devised, studied hopefully and, in the end, discarded regretfully.

The newest cancer test is that advanced by Dr. Ernst Waldschmidt-Leitz of the German Institute of Technology at Prague, based on several hundred cases in which he reports less than 5 per cent. error.

Blood of a cancer patient, he reports, can be distinguished from normal by a chemical deficiency in sulfydryl-activity by the new system of tests.

Analysis of the blood serum by chemical procedure will give a prompt cancer diagnosis, he believes.

RADIO BRAIN: Tuned to S O S Wave-Length, Robot Flashes Alarms Over Ship

When the lone radio operator of an American cargo vessel on the high seas goes off duty for the night, he can switch on a gadget which is a pretty fair counterpart of the human brain.

This assembly of vacuum-tubes, switches and wires has a twenty-second memory, a one-track mind and a disposition even-tempered enough unless it picks up an emergency signal from some ship in distress. Then it bursts into a fever of bell-ringing and light-flashing.

The Radiomarine Corporation of America, which developed the device, calls it an automatic radio alarm. It is designed to stand watch for emergency calls from other vessels.

Next August, the requirements of the Convention of Safety of Life at Sea, demanding a continuous radio watch on shipboard, go into effect. Cargo vessels of 5,500 tons or more employing only one operator can use the automatic radio alarm. It is not recognized for passenger lines.

Rudy Arnold Photo

S O S . . . the "radio brain" gives the alarm

The radio brain is trained to listen for the international emergency signal and for that alone. It thinks on a 600-meter wave-length, the distress-band, but will stretch a point and give ear to an S O S signal a trifle off the stipulated channel.

It is set to recognize a series of dashes, each of four seconds' duration, separated by an interval of one second.

The alarm also diagnoses its own illnesses. If a battery fails, a tube burns out, or it develops other visceral distress, it complains through its alarm-system.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Frisky Foods—Don't reach for the bicarbonate: Avoid the particular foods that predispose to the burp and general gastric distress. Dr. W. C. Alvarez of the Mayo Clinic has just compiled a table rating the offensive power of foods which caused distress in 500 human guinea-pigs. The four big offenders, as reported by *Modern Medicine*, are raw onions, milk and cream, raw apples and cooked cabbage, each of which caused trouble in more than one-fourth of the cases tested. Chocolate, radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers and eggs produced reactions in 13 to 18 per cent. of cases. Least distressful are peas, potatoes, fish and chicken, and maple-sugar holds an almost perfect record—almost no one is food-sensitive to it.

* * *

Glabrous Pates—Plastic surgery offers the latest of innumerable cures for the shining domes of bald-headed row. Dr. Gustave Aufricht described to the Dental Society of the State of New York an operation to loosen the skin of the scalp, increase the blood-supply and thus theoretically cause a rush of hair to the head.

* * *

Billion Elms—The nation's elm-trees have taken the count for the first time in history. The Federal Bureau of Entomology, conducting an elm-census, reports there are 1,000,000,000 of these trees in the United States, worth $750,000,000. Shade-elms in villages and cities account for 25,000,000 trees valued at $662,000,000. Every State was canvassed by the census-takers. Information will be used to combat the spread of Dutch elm disease.

* * *

Garlic—At last science confirms what long has been popularly suspected: Garlic vapor is powerful enough to annihilate unmasked germs. Bacteriologists at the University of Southern California exposed a bacteria culture to crushed garlic for thirty minutes and the organisms unanimously gave up the ghost. The volatile antiseptic substance tentatively is identified as *allyl aldehyde*, which is not one of the elements giving garlic its odor.

* * *

Fish—Oakland physicians have established that trout are the least color-blind of all fish. At the annual "Doctors' Hobby Show," they installed exhibits to show which colors different fish preferred. Mountain trout were considered most modest in their choice of colors while nibbling.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUSTING GANGS AS THEY BLOSSOM

Teaching Teen-Age Boys to Play Fair as Groups, Not Steal

National Probation Assoc., Inc. From "Dead End"

A hot meal for the gang in an ash-can oven

"*Buenas dias*, Keeds!"

Husky Bert Colima, former prize-fighter, idol of the Los Angeles Mexican colony, smiled jovially at a dozen frightened kids huddled in a sun-streaked cell.

They were members of the tough East-Side Wholesale Market Gang. Overnight, they had been rounded up with 254 other urchins.

Annually, under the eyes of twelve special police, these tyro gangsters had been stealing between $20,000 and $40,000 in fruit and vegetables. There had been at least 500 of them—mostly Mexicans. At seven they had pilfered by the handful, at thirteen by the crateful, at sixteen by the truck-load.

Now they stared wide-eyed at their hero. Colima, enlisted from WPA rolls by worried probationers, said:

"Is this fair? The cabbages, they don't belong to you, no? Adventure, all right—but why can't you play fair like me in the ring?"

Tears—Some of the boys cried. Some begged forgiveness. Colima and the probationers visited their homes. Soon, the lads were enrolled in the National Boys' Club, Boy Scouts or other character-building organizations.

This subtle bit of neighborhood politics, the work of the Civic Coordinating Council for Suppression of Juvenile Delinquency, reformed the gang without breaking it up as a social entity, virtually ended fruit and vegetable thefts in Los Angeles.

A comparatively new step in crime control, this coordinating council's offshoots have spread over this continent in the past few years. To-day, they number 310. California, the originator, has 117; sixty-five are in Los Angeles alone. The results have been remarkable.

Two years ago, the National Probation Association sponsored the movement. Last year, at Atlantic City, it fostered the Council's first national conference. This week, as the association again convened for its thirty-first annual meeting in Indianapolis, it announced that the work had become too big for it, would be taken over by its affiliate, the National Social Works Council.

Advice—The newest gang-busting movement is rooting itself in almost every sizable town. No agency for direct activity, serving only in a community coordinating, advisory capacity, its task is no enviable one.

Says Milton: "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day." And Pope: "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Sociologists agree that most delinquents are not naturally bad. They are forced through environment, or emotional upsets, into situations where they become delinquent. Boys in clubs and gangs merely are letting off excess energy. They devote the same enthusiasm to the high ideals of the Boy Scouts, once they're led to see it's not sissy to be good. Giving them ample recreation opportunities, directing their club activities, go a long way toward keeping them on the straight and narrow, so think social experts to-day.

Quick to realize this are such organizations as Father Flanagan's Boys' Home outside Omaha, the Boys' Club of America, headed by Sanford Bates, with 255,000 members; the Big Brother and Big Sister groups, the Madison Square (New York) Boys' Club, the Y.M.C.A. and other youth-builders. Another group is formed in New York by the 6,000 much debated "cellar-clubs," with 350,000 members.

Failures—For years, defenders of wayward boys, in the form of persons and clubs, had failed to achieve their maximum of effectiveness through lack of civic coordination. August Vollmer,* famed Berkeley, California, criminologist and former police chief, saw this as far back as 1919.

With Dr. Virgil Dickson, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, and, later, other civic leaders, he started, in that year, a luncheon-club which developed into the nation's first Coordinating Council. It differed from present-day councils in that it confined its work to individual children.

In 1927 the late Gov. James Rolph, Jr., named a Child Study Commission which "discovered" this Council. A member of it was Kenyon Scudder, Superintendent of the State School for Boys at Whittier. When he became Probation Officer of Los Angeles County in 1931, he joined Judge Samuel R. Blake of the Juvenile Court in sponsoring such councils there. The first one was organized in January, 1932.

Chief organizer was a short, spectacled Congregationalist minister who, since 1928, had developed a community character-building program for youth in near-by La Canada. He was Kenneth S. Beam, former West Virginian, who had been in mission-work in Japan. Probation Officer Scudder, hearing of his work, asked Beam to take the Civil Service test for probation work. He wanted him to unify the community approach of his organization with Vollmer's individualized undertakings.

Beam passed, began a work which startled national interest. For his setting he had the largest juvenile court and county jail in the world. To work with he had 10,668 boys and 3,332 girls who, a survey showed, had been under probation from 1929-'31.

There soon emerged the Coordinating Council—a group consisting of the juvenile court and probation department, affiliated with the police, sheriff, schools, Chamber of Commerce, library and county departments of welfare, health and recreation. Immediately, adjustments were made in 10,000 cases. Later, women's clubs, parent-teacher associations, men's service clubs and other civic organizations joined the Council.

In tough East Los Angeles, where authorities estimated the 500 juvenile delinquents cost the county $125,000 annually, the Council opened three night-playgrounds.

Then it discovered a deserted church in the Sunset Boulevard district which had been closed for seven years. It helped four civic groups get into action. One converted the main auditorium into a well-fitted gymnasium. Another group financed the craft-shop and the showers. A third supplied quarters for the youngest children. A woman's club renovated the parsonage to make social rooms for girls' groups.

Sunset Boulevard gangs had roamed the streets in numbers as high as seventy-five, had taken over theaters and disrupted the shows, smashed street lights and staged gang-fights. Under the new set-up, gang trouble ceased except for one night when a rival gang came to the new club-house desirous of wrecking it. The recreation director persuaded the two factions to settle everything through a basketball game.

Prodigal—The old leader of the Sunset Gang, a handsome, husky and brilliant chap (name withheld), returned to the

National Probation Assoc., Inc.

Kenneth Beam . . . a gang-buster with ideals

*Coauthor with Alfred E. Parker of "Crime, Crooks and Cops." (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; $2.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National Probation Assoc., Inc. From "Dead End"

"Dead End" urchins plot mischief in idle hours . . . illustrate the problem of sidewalk gangs in every metropolitan center

neighborhood after a long absence. He was surprized to find his gang civilized. He capitulated, joined forces with the local council.

Now he is trying to help lure into the fold the Macy Street Gang, the Council's next target.

This lad, unknown to him, is the character *Butch Baker* in a sound-record dramatization which details his conversation with Council representatives when he agreed to cooperate with them. The recording is used by Probationer Scudder to acquaint new councils with his methods of operating.

A woman volunteer, after helping form the Macy Street Boy Scout troop in a shop where the boys build model airplanes, is having her shoes shined a dozen times a day, trying to get in with the bootblacks of the Castellar Street Gang. She took one lad to supper and he became confidential over the pie, confiding to the woman:

"You know, we're going to have one hell of a fight with the Macy Street Gang, because they've got a Boy Scout troop and we haven't."

The local council is moving to establish a troop in Castellar Street.

Stimulus—Scudder presents to each district a confidential juvenile delinquency report as a whip to spur the councils to correct their community problems.

The councils, made up of from ten to 100 citizens, survey playground facilities, membership in Boy Scouts and other agencies, salacious-magazine sale, liquor-selling to children and other factors, then work out the best solutions of their individual problems.

Juvenile-court cases have decreased 18 per cent. in the past five years, despite a population increase.

San Diego, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland and Seattle are copying the Los Angeles plan.

The National Probation Association heard of the Los Angeles councils' work. It asked Beam to lecture before its convention at Montreal in 1935. Ensuing interest led to his appointment in December, 1935, and by it to special national field-work, with leave of absence from Los Angeles.

In his new rôle he chiefly warns against dictatorship of one individual or organization over member-groups; all should work together on a thoroughly democratic basis with as little publicity as possible. He will return to Los Angeles in June to present plans calling for appointment of one man to replace him in the East and an additional man on the Pacific Coast to keep the field-work going.

Screen and Stage

PROP SHOPS: The Movies Run Department Stores, Factories, Gardens—Everything

About 20,000 privileged tourists are trolled through the major motion-picture studios of Hollywood each year.

They range from maharajas, two of whom made the Grand Tour in 1936, to a bewildered Utah cow-puncher who must have come along for the ride.

Guides, suffering an acute attack of banality poisoning, report that upon reaching the property department in any large studio, 19,995 of the gaping tourists invariably cry:

"Why, you could start a mail-order house with this layout. Look, Ma, it's exactly like a large department store!"

Which obviously it is. The other five tourists do not say anything. They just look.

The largest unit in any first-class film-studio is that vaguely outlined but somehow jointured unit known as "shop." It comprises everything from carpenter squads to the property department. It will employ 1,000 or more persons regularly; it will eat up paint, plaster, lumber, carpeting, fancy woods and 250,000 other items by the ton. It is that unit which takes a bare, forbidding sound-stage and transforms it into a set, decorated, lighted, furnished space in which and before which the stars perform their magic-lantern antics.

Miracles—This unit in any one studio is much like that in another. If it is a good unit—and it must be to exist long—it can take an acre of ground on Monday morning and have upon it, by Saturday, a complete house, built, painted, nailed, screwed, carpeted, papered, fully equipped down to the last salt-shaker, wind-proof, rain-proof, cold- and heat-proof.

Besides which, trees will flourish, the lawn will be like velvet, rose-bushes will flower and shrubs will nod gracefully at the foundation line.

And the plumbing will work.

Worthy of description as a model for all is the "shop" at the Warner Brothers-First National studio in Burbank, a few miles outside Hollywood.

It exists in modern concrete buildings which sprawl across five solid acres. Large windows give all the buildings a clinical look. Under eighteen roofs and under the sun, 900 or more men and women toil night and day.

Carpenters, painters, grips, laborers, gardeners, plasterers, rug-weavers, wall-paper printers, scenic artists, draftsmen, blue-printers, truckmen, set-dressers, property men and a dozen other jobsters ending up with the "green gang," whose job it is to whittle grass, prune trees, trim shrubbery and, when necessary, dress up indoor sets to look like outdoor scenes.

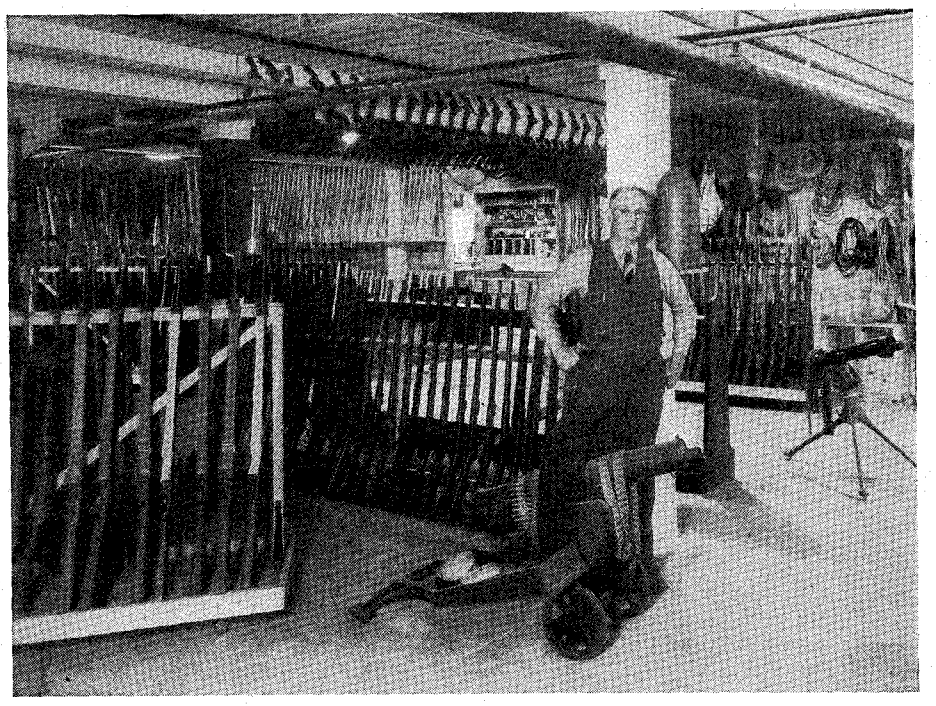
Not His—Most of these come under the "hire, fire and supervise" eye of Louis Geibe. Some classifications are not under his control, most of them are.

Exempt are model-makers, creators of special camera-effects, makers of realistic miniatures.

Because of its "shop" set-up, any self-respecting studio is an almost 100 per cent. self-contained factory. It does, and sometimes must, go to the outside for certain period furniture and similar needs which spring up suddenly. Given time,

The valuable room . . . "everything down to the last salt-shaker"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A veritable arsenal . . . Hollywood property-rooms contain guns enough for any kind of war

one department or another can get anything desired or make it on the premises. This home-grown talent can and does include the making of the special footings for a Henry VIII bed or lamp-posts for Budapest. Accurately, too.

As many as 1,300 persons have worked for Geibe. Right now, he is down to about 1,000. Which, as any manufacturer can testify, is no small force—or pay-roll.

King to himself at Burbank is A. C. Wilson, known to the farthest reaches of the picture business as "Whitey." He has been with Warners seventeen years, is almost dean of the lot. He is in charge of all "props."

Factory—In the carpenter shops, manufacture is on a production line basis. A story is bought, a scenario is written, scenic artists prepare sketches from the scenario, draftsmen render them into mechanical drawings. These are turned into blue-prints and the blue-prints go to the carpenter-shop foreman. He orders out the rough lumber, it is trucked to the shop. Scantling by brace by two by four by slab it begins to go through the hands of planers, band-sawyers, circular sawyers, fitters. Put together exactly as specified, it goes to the painters, thence to the sound-stages to be set up.

Thereafter, it is added to as specified. Plasterers may work on it, floor-layers follow another set of blue-prints, set-dressers transform it from anything from a log cabin in Maine to an ambassador's reception-hall or king's terrace.

Trucking from place to place comes under the transport department. This department owns its own cars, trucks and buses, trailers and motor-cycles. Transport cost is a chunky item; just on "The Charge of the Light Brigade" it totaled $45,000.

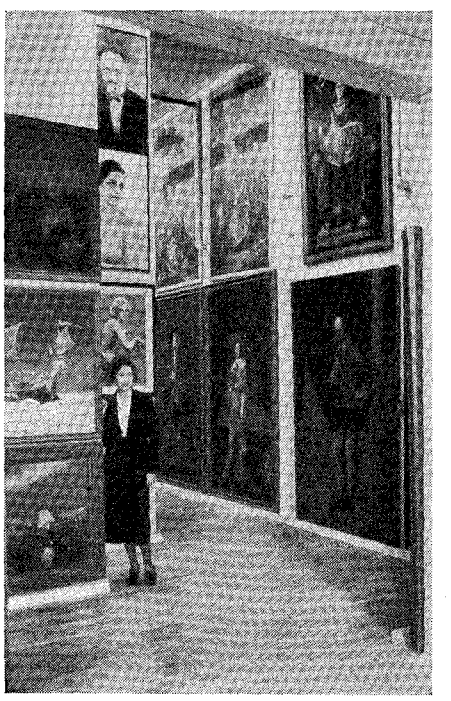
Tucked away in the corner of the five acres is a shop which does nothing but make neon signs for sets. Next to it is the lantern-shop, which is self-explanatory. Beyond that is the sign-shop. It paints signs, prints them, embosses them and, if asked, probably could arrange to have an air-plane write one in the sky with smoke.

Other smaller shops include the decorative-light fixtures-shop, which can duplicate from sketches and blue-prints the street-lamps of any city or country, going back 200 years. Next to it is the plumbing-shop, which offers everything from a sitz bath with rococo basin to a modern non-tarnishable-metal kitchen-sink. There even is a ladder-shop which does nothing but make ladders.

The hardware shop casts its own door-hardware, can provide period hardware so authentic foreign visitors often are fooled.

The miniature shop is fairly *tabu* ground for the tourist. In there the tiny boats and railroad trains which seem so life-size and realistic on the screen are made, articulated and caused to perform in lifelike manner. There are many things forbidden to describe. Illusion is valuable, hard to create, must not be destroyed.

If you are tearing down a house built and papered in the 'eighties, perhaps Warner Brothers would like to see samples of some of the original papers. It can't be bought these days . . . and doesn't have to be. They take a small sample of it, a scrap just large enough to give the pattern, and duplicate it in the wall-paper shop. Decorators are constantly picking up such scraps and sending them in. Modern paper is cheaper to buy by the roll than to make.



Row on row of old masters are really only reproductions to grace Hollywood sets

Fakes—Upstairs in a loft two men work. They make marble paper. Glued onto wooden columns—for a bank scene, for example—it can not be told from real marble when photographed. They also make wood-paper, duplicating the texture and grain of all paneling-woods.

New to the lot, not yet found in other studios, are large blue and crimson trailers. They are standardized "property" wagons designed by "Whitey" Wilson. All are alike, each containing exactly 3,000 items, identical in each wagon. The items are filed in by place. There is a chart with each wagon showing exactly where each item should be.

The wagons cost $2,801.03 each to make and the value of the contents is $812.77. Strangest items: One set of false teeth, one rabbit's foot.

Wilson went to work for the studio in 1921 on a picture called "Little Heroes of the Street," starring Wesley Barry. There was no property department as such. There was a little room twelve by fifteen feet in which were stored a few plaster vases and a dummy with a face which resembled the one-time comedian, Monty Banks.

A few months later Wilson convinced Jack Warner that thereafter it might be well on long pictures to buy all the props, since the rental cost over a period would more than equal purchase cost. From that start he has achieved a warehouse covering 300,000 square feet of space in which are filed almost 300,000 items totaling well over $1,000,000 in value.

Wilson has the liquor requirements well detailed.

When you see a drinking scene in a picture, be sure of this: Beer is beer, because fake beer looks fake, but gin is water, whiskies are soda-pop or cold tea. No real liquor is used.

Proper curiosa: An English clock made in 1694. It runs by water, is made of brass. A box of wood-ticks. A pair of dental forceps, 1763. A king's throne, a cracked teapot (cracked to order).

Paraphernalia—A complete liquor store, grocery store, drug store, hardware store, meat or fish market could be set up with items in the department. There also is all the essential equipment for a laboratory, hospital, gambling-den or gymnasium.

Included among the more than 250,000 items are Arabian skin water-bags, all kinds of native pottery, shields and spears, lances, banners of all nations, tom-toms, ancient wooden safes and modern burglar-proof safes, all types of stoves from wood-burning to electric, garden furniture in all periods, carnival and circus layouts, a rare collection of Serbian furniture.

Also, a fleet of boats, exact replicas dating from the Roman Empire to the present. Newspapers, letters and telegrams from all nations, carefully kept under cellophane, may be found . . . and read by any one who knows the languages.

Essentially new is the live stock department. Rentals on animals have run as high as $65,000 a year. It was thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practical to begin keeping a few staple beasts on hand.

In more or less degree, the crafts and property departments at Burbank would be matched, or approximately matched, at any studio of consequence in Hollywood. It is, because of its several innovations, a suitable model plant.

REFLECTING GLORY: In Her Home-Town, Tallulah Bankhead Makes Good

They could make a movie of it and call it: HOME-TOWN GIRL MAKES GOOD —BACK HOME.

Certainly Speaker Will Bankhead of the House of Representatives never got a bigger hand down in Alabama than the kinfolk, neighbors, friends, strangers and admiring darkies gave "Mist' Will's play-actin' daughter" this spring.

Tallulah wasn't sure how they'd take her. After all, she'd been away a long time. And a long way. Bewitching London's Piccadilly and New York's Broadway in theater and night-club. Dancing with a next week's bridegroom who then was Prince of Wales. A long time and a long way. All the way to the top rung of the drama.

Ovation—So Tallulah wasn't sure. When the Shuberts took her on a Southern tour in George Kelly's "Reflected Glory," she found out.

At the Temple Theater in Birmingham the audience clapped, stomped, hollered and carried on so, she had to answer five curtain-calls. Her voice stumbled a little as she told them:

"Thank you very much. . . . This is a great occasion. . . . I am one of you. . . . I have never forgotten . . . my father would never let me forget. No matter where I've been—in New York, London or Hollywood—in every letter he writes he tells me to remember that I am still an Alabama hillbilly—just one of the Bankheads who owe a debt to the State we can never repay.

"It is incongruous that you should be paying money to see a Bankhead to-night . . . you have done so much for my family. But the rest of my cast and the manager must eat."

Did they like it? They cheered again and again.

And there was that other triumphal night when an old neighbor stomped back-stage after the curtain had rung down, scrutinized her carefully, then conceded doubtfully:

"Well, you're beautiful all right. But you're not a patch on your mother." Tallulah kissed him.

Another time she told a group of elderly dowagers who congratulated her on her performance: "Grandmother (wife of the 'Old' Sen. John H. Bankhead, Sr.) was never sure of the propriety of my going on the stage.

"I wish she could have been here to-night to see all those respectable faces in the audience. I know what it would have taken to convince her—just those respectable faces."

Talk—She soothed Judge Thomas G. Jones, old-line Alabama Democrat, friend of her grandfather's, who years ago remonstrated with a leggy, stringy-haired Tallulah on the impropriety of turning cart-wheels in the street and who now taxed her with losing her Southern accent: "Yes, I may have and you're sorry. But not half as sorry as I am."

High spots of Tallulah's triumphal march (*via* private car on the railroad) were her bookings in Birmingham and Montgomery. The former is forty miles southeast of Jasper, where Tallulah was reared. Montgomery, picturesque early Capital of the Confederate States of America, is where Tallulah, in starched frocks and curls, attended Miss Gussie Woodruff's private school. Sell-out houses of more than 3,300, with out-of-town orders from all corners of the State, saw these performances.

And, my! the social goin's-on that took place! There was a smart after-the-theater party in Birmingham, given by the city's acknowledged social queen, Mrs. Melville Davis.

Next day, in Montgomery, 200 of the cream of society received bids to meet Tallulah, attired becomingly in a flowered-print dress, at a garden-party given by Mrs. William Calvert Oates.

The front-page space she received in Birmingham's *Post* and *News-Age-Herald* was a press-agent's dream.

Star reporters met her train at Chattanooga, interviewed her, spent the night writing their stories, had them blazoned on Page One the next morning before Tallulah woke up.

Suggestion — Critic Vincent Townsend even wandered clear off the subject to formulate a blurb designed to win for Tallulah the much-coveted rôle of *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone With the Wind." Wrote he with impassioned Southern gallantry and fervor:

"An aroused Miss Bankhead, playing her lines and situations to the limit as she played them here in Birmingham, would breathe the fire of the Old South into the rôle of *Scarlett*, who was able to walk through the red-mired ruins of the South in Margaret Mitchell's great book.

"Tallulah sent the folks home with the feeling that the extravagant press-notices have not been extravagant at all . . . but pale wand-wavings for a hillbilly girl who made good out in the big world.

"A Bankhead from Alabama, Suh!"

But Birmingham and Montgomery were not the only cities which showered Tallulah with hospitality and waxed sentimental at her coming. On the Northern rung of her tour, in Detroit, she was guest of honor at a fried chicken tea-party given by Mrs. Pinckney Bankhead and her brother, Major Bankhead, descendants of one-time slaves in the Bankhead household.

Caller—In Washington, D. C., where she played a full week; where $2,500 from a matinée performance went to the Red Cross; where her father and his political cronies witnessed her performance, she received a call back-stage one day from a one-time druggist of Huntsville, Alabama (her birthplace). He cried when he saw Tallulah.

"You wouldn't remember me," he told her. "We moved away, but I'll never forget the night you were born. I kept open all night for your mother, but it didn't help."

Tallulah's mother, the beautiful Ada Sledge, Montgomery belle, died at her daughter's birth.

But Tallulah's first tour of the Old South was the real triumph. All the more so because, when she left Alabama along about 1917 to seek her fame and fortune, the Bankhead clan and the same folks who this spring paid her flattering homage were outspoken in their disapproval of her "wild ideas." The only one who encouraged her was her amazingly vital Grandpappy, "the Old Senator," John H. Bankhead, who roared at the belittlers: "Let the girl alone. Hands off, all of you. The girl has brains—let her use them as she sees fit!"

In 1918, she had her first part on the New York stage, as *Gladys Sinclair* in "Squab Farm." Success came quickly. In 1925 she went to England, where, for more than five years, she scored sensation after sensation, did more than sixteen plays, was widely entertained by the

Pictures, Inc.

"Those respectable faces" of Alabama kinsmen throng back-stage to bask in reflected glory of "their" Tallulah Bankhead (third from left)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smartest people and made the name of Tallulah Bankhead one to be conjured with in the world of the theater.

Last week found her recuperating in New York's Gotham Hotel from her greatest triumph.

Letters and Art

STONE GIANTS: They're "Gog" and "May Gog" or "Jake" and "Minnie" to Feudists

Venus of Melos may have been all right in her day. When her dimensions are placed beside the Rocky Mountains, she's just a skinny, underfed Greek gal.

Such is the heresy which is the basis of Colorado's latest art feud.

It started when the High School Board at Boulder (pop. 11,500) thirty-five miles northwest of Denver, decided that its edifice needed some façade decoration.

With a couple of thousand dollars idle, they might as well shoot the works, the elders figured. They sought something really inspiring to puzzle sleepy-eyed students on clear mornings.

So Marvin Blackburn Martin, twenty-nine-year-old Denver sculptor, was corralled to give the Boulder façade tone Called one of the best of the younger craftsmen in the West by Donald J. Baer, head of the Denver Art Museum, he had received his training at the Kansas City Art Institute.

Inspiration—Trotting out to Boulder, Marvin took in the surrounding mountains at one glance, decided that his figures, proportionally ought to be even larger.

Marvin thought that one enormous female and an equally large male figure would fill the bill. Whacking away at the bulging, overmuscular and Gargantuan figures, he got an initial appraisal of the work by the janitor who was trying to sweep out the studio:

"Why, them things look like the mountains."

Artist Marvin beamed.

Work completed, a corps of sturdy workers hoisted the figures by derrick to the top of the façade. At first the people didn't know what to make of the two nude stone visitors whose biceps seemed to be going in all directions. They started mumbling, giving rise to wise-cracks, then open anger.

Marvin left the two heroic giants nameless. But the students soon found fun in their new mascots. The exaggeratedly proportioned woman they termed "May Gog." The male was christened "Gog."

As the giggling spread, the School Board grew alarmed.

"They are extremely ugly," expostulated Dr. P. G. Worcester, tall, lanky, fifty-five-year-old head of the geology department at the University of Colorado.

"They are not appropriate for a high school, where we seek to promote the idea of beauty."

Doctor Worcester muttered, in addition: "grotesque" and "hideous monstrosities."

Immediately, defenders of the statues rose from the ranks of the moderns. Their names for the controversial bulks were "Wisdom" and "Strength."

"They are first-rate pieces of art," flared Dr. Edmund H. Chapman, slight, mustached, assistant professor of art history at the University of Colorado.

Muriel V. Sibell, head of the University's art department, grew angry. Praising the works as "genuine art," she averred that the objectors knew nothing of art. And ART to her was a serious matter, no fodder for larking on any campus.

Finally the School Board voted, four to three, to have "Gog" and his rotund spouse hauled down.

"A shameful insult to the intelligent people of Boulder," fumed Edward Davison, poet and English Professor, on hearing the decision.

Then the critics suffered another blow. Where could they find $50 to $100 to take down their pet nightmares?

A second meeting was held with the artist present. "Atrocious" and "unfit for children's eyes" were among the opinions hurled his way.

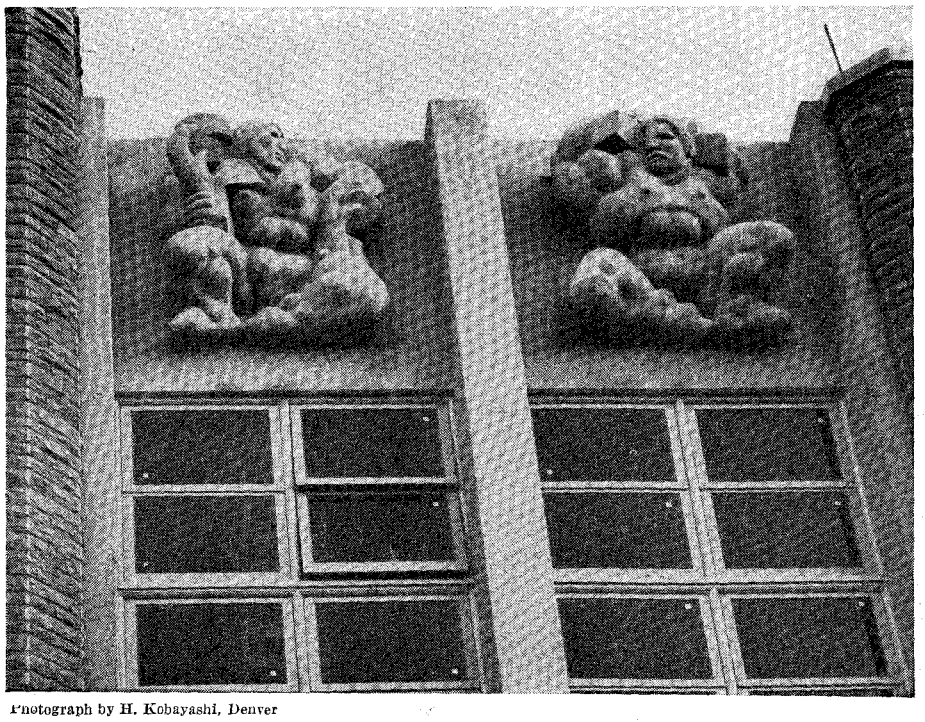
"It is absurd to say that the bulging relief-work is ugly—as absurd as to say that the mountains which form a background for the building are ugly," retorted Marvin.

"Don't you think," inquired Doctor Worcester, "that the male figure, crouching as it is, would not be able to bear the load he has?"

"Isn't the load of the world unbearable anyway?" retorted the artist.

The Board reversed itself. Even the PWA would not allot funds to remove the nude giants.

Meanwhile, people of the community have taken the figures to heart, now call them "Minnie" and "Jake" familiarly.



Photograph by H. Kobayashi, Denver

"May Gog" and "Gog"—alias "Minnie" and "Jake"—scorn the controversy raging below them

RENOIR SHOW: Critics Rave Over New York Exhibit of Canvas and Bronze

For the thousands of annual summer visitors, a longer visit to New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art may well be in order. Last week, a stirring exhibition of the works of Pierre-Auguste Renoir (1841-1919) was opened there. It will continue until September 12.

The press was unanimous in acclaiming this showing as on a par with the famous Renoir Paris exhibition of 1933, the exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute in 1933 and the Durand-Ruel selection of Renoir displayed in 1935. Currently showing are sixty-two canvases and five bronzes, covering forty-five years of the artist's work from 1871 to 1916.

"The exhibition . . . is an experience which will never be forgotten by those who see it," promised Malcolm Vaughan in the New York *American*. ". . . an excellent, comprehensive loan exhibition of paintings by Renoir . . . all the way, the exhibition illustrates the distinctive individuality of Renoir's genius," declared Carlyle Burrows in the New York *Herald Tribune*. "The Renoir show . . . sets everything miraculously right, restoring art to the proud, enchanted sphere in which it should have free play," wrote Edward Alden Jewell in the New York *Times*.

Accessible—More than 400 of Renoir's canvases are believed to be in this country to-day. So, the Metropolitan was able to borrow all but three of the current exhibits from museums and collectors within the borders; two contributions came from Great Britain and one from Scandinavia.

Among the more famous paintings shown are "Les Canotiers à Chatou," lent by the Adolph Lewisohn Collection; a smaller version of "Au Moulin de la Galette," lent by John Hay Whitney, the larger of which is in the Caillebotte collection of the Louvre; "Le Dejeuner des Canotiers," lent by the Phillips Memorial Gallery, and "Le Bal à Bougival," lent by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

This last work attracted major attention during the first days of the exhibition. Painted in 1883 by Renoir at Bougival on the Seine, where many of his friends went for Sunday outings, it shows a care-free Bohemian type dancing with a young girl as their friends drink beer. This is one of the three full-length pictures the artist

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painted representing the dance in town and country.

"Bal a Bougival" was acquired on April 15 of this year by the Boston Museum, lent to the Metropolitan for the initial fortnight of the current exhibition.

GIFT FOOTBALL: Florida Politicians Wrangle Over Ringling Museum; Visitors Enjoy It

Within the next week, the Florida State Legislature expects to decide what to do about the John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art, located on the late circus magnate's forty-acre estate at Sarasota.

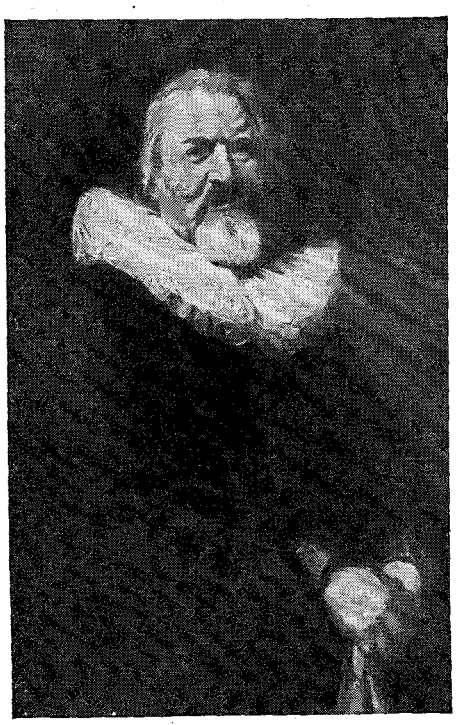
By unanimous decision, the Senate Committee on Education voted to accept the gift as donated by the Ringling will. By a thirteen-to-three vote, the House Committee also voted to place the institution under State control. Last week, the American Legion, Department of Florida, meeting in its annual convention in Lakeland, likewise indorsed acceptance.

Final settlement of this question will put at rest a flood of statements, counter-statements, proposals, criticism and disputed reports about the Museum which Ringling, at one court appearance, said cost him "more than $11,000,000."

Gift—In his will, the last of the famous seven brothers, who made fortunes out of the "Big Top," willed his Venetian mansion and the Museum to the State of Florida. Shortly before his death, one of his lawyers asked what would be done about the disposition if the State did not accept the gift. Then, in ink, it was written in that the Museum should go to the City of Sarasota.

The will set aside a trust-fund of half John Ringling's estate, to be allotted for the upkeep of the Museum.*

*In THE LITERARY DIGEST (April 10, 1937) it was erroneously stated that the will carried no endowment fund. From the same source, previously considered authentic by the Editor, the Phenician glass collection was called Venetian and portions of the building and collection were said to be in a state of decay. These statements the executors of the will deny.



A valuable Frans Hals canvas in the Ringling Museum at Sarasota, Florida

It was said that certain elements in the political field around Sarasota did not care for this will; sought to introduce a bill whereby the Museum would go to the City, under the supervision of five citizens.

Executors of the will hastened to Tallahassee, State Capital, and solicited aid for the acceptance by the State. Their pleas were indorsed by a number of the leading art societies and prominent citizens. It was shown that if the Museum were accepted by the State, it would become part of the University of Florida.

The Museum was visited by an average of 1,000 persons daily during February and March of this year, 20,000 monthly last year. A landmark since its opening in 1930, it has become somewhat of a political football since Ringling's death last December 2. Previously, it occasionally had entered discussion during legal tangles attendant upon financial difficulties of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus and upon the divorce-suit of Ringling against his second wife. Mrs. Ringling has a suit pending before the Florida Supreme Court for one-third of the estate. How this might affect or be affected by the State's acceptance of the Museum is undecided.

At present Jonce McGurk, art consultant, is making an appraisal of the contents of the Museum, more than 95 per cent. of which have been authenticated. A corps of caretakers and guardians is caring for the art works, which McGurk maintains are in as "healthy a state as those of any museum in Europe."

Discontented persons and politicians are accused by the executors of spreading rumors that the pictures and buildings are not in good shape. "The building is in excellent shape," declared John Ringling North, nephew of the deceased collector. "It's in as good shape as we can keep it with our present funds," said a caretaker.

BEST SHORTS: One-Time Reporter O'Brien Edits American Book From England

This week, three teachers, an advertising man, a stenographer, a playwright and a housewife know they have not dreamed in vain—they have been included in the famed O'Brien short-story collection for 1936.

With the appearance of this twenty-second annual book phenomenon, the spotlight once more focuses on Edward Joseph Harrington O'Brien, acknowledged arbiter of the short story. When the idea of a collection of short stories first came to O'Brien as a reporter on the Boston *Evening Transcript* in 1915, he had no idea of the success he was destined to have. Undaunted by the knowledge that he never had written a short story—to this day he never has written one—O'Brien plowed through the magazines. The choice was made and published quietly. The idea caught quickly; overnight, the collection was a best-seller.

To-day, O'Brien still does the enormous job single-handed. With painstaking thoroughness, he reads eighty-two quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies to select the best American stories of the year.

Abroad—This is not all, however, for, in 1921, Edward O'Brien decided to edit a collection of British gems as well. For four years he worked with John Cournos, then he took over the job and since has turned out the English collection alone. Magazines read, including those of Ireland and the Dominions, number fifty-six.

Kudos—Other blue-ribbon winners for the year include: Robert Henry Buckner, thirty-one-year-old advertising man, for "The Man Who Won the War," in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Henry Harrison Kroll, forty-nine and professor of English at the University of Tennessee's Junior College, for his "Second Wife," also from *The Atlantic Monthly*. High-school teacher R. H. Linn, twenty-six, for "The Intrigue of Mr. S. Yamamoto," published by *Story*.

Also, Ursula Cooke MacDougall, thirty-six and housewife, for her "Titty's Dead and Tatty Weeps" from *New Stories;* St. Joseph Ellis, who, at twenty-six, works on the Federal Theater Project with Alfred Kreymborg, for his "A Passenger to Bali," also from *Story;* William Reitzel, instructor at Haverford College, for his "Arrival on a Holiday," first printed in *Harper's Magazine*. Last on the roster is Allen McGinnis, twenty-three-year-old stenographer, who wrote "Let Nothing You Dismay" for *The Southern Review*.

The plot of McGinnis's "Let Nothing You Dismay" is simple. A middle-aged drummer and his wife are spending a lonely Christmas eve in a hotel room awaiting the arrival of their traveling-salesman son from Kansas City. A long-distance phone-call comes. It is the son and he is having too good a time at a party to join his parents. His heartbroken mother rebels She is tired of living in hotel rooms; either her husband quits his job or she will divorce him. The husband consents and goes out to celebrate his decision to leave drumming. Returning hours later, he collapses on the bed and tells his wife of a new order he can get if they start on the road Christmas day. Wearily the wife forsakes her revolt. Realizing that she always will be a salesman's wife, she plans the trip for the next day.

The Best Short Stories. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.50.) 456 pages.

Courtesy Saturday Review of Literature

Edward O'Brien regularly consumes 138 periodicals in his perennial short-story quest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"RIDE? I'd love to— but my doctor says WALK!"

PEOPLE who are well fed—too well fed—and who do not use up excess food in work or play are especially liable to develop diabetes. Many are inclined to press a button, turn a switch, or telephone to get what they wish, with little or no physical effort.

If you are overweight and more than forty, it does not necessarily follow that you will have diabetes—but you are far more likely to get it than if you are underweight. You should be on guard, especially if there is a history of the disease in your family.

Diabetes begins when the body can no longer produce enough insulin to make use of the sugar and starch in a normal diet. In many mild cases of the disease the doctor may prescribe a special diet only. In serious cases, the person who cannot make a sufficient supply of insulin in his own body must supplement it with other insulin.

Until Dr. Frederick Grant Banting and his associates made their great discovery of a substitute for human insulin, diabetic patients, except those with the disease in mild form, were in desperate straits. Before that, by living on a severely restricted diet, with nearly all sugar and starch removed, the end could be postponed. But it was a grim, losing fight. That is all changed now. With insulin, diabetes can almost invariably be brought under control. Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live normal, healthy lives. It has lifted adult diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to resume their regular occupations.

Diabetes may cause no pain and little inconvenience in the beginning. Sometimes its presence is unsuspected until it has made considerable headway. But it can be detected by a doctor's examination and laboratory tests.

When insulin is needed, it is dangerous to delay its use. Coma and other serious complications may result. Better and more effective compounds of insulin, which reduce the number of necessary daily treatments, are being steadily developed. Physicians, everywhere, who have become familiar with the new, slow-acting insulin, are rapidly making it available to their diabetic patients.

The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its free booklet, "Diabetes." Address Booklet Dept. 637-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

Copyright, 1937, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLDSTERS GO TO SCHOOL AT NIGHT

Convention Fearful as to Fate of Wide-Spread WPA Classes

In little rural schoolhouses throughout Dixie last week, Negro cotton-pickers gathered to learn their A B C's.

Off country roads in New England, farm-women sat around flickering oil-lamps discussing child care and family relationships.

Atop Chicago's South Side tenements, unemployed leagues conducted forums on social security.

In Pittsburgh, steel-workers getting off the midnight shift listened to lectures on history and geography.

Down on New York's lower East Side, bewhiskered pedlers hurried to English classes in order to become citizens, then apply for social-security benefits.

Finding life—whether at forty, fifty or sixty—begins with knowledge, millions were taking part in the most spectacular phase of the WPA program—adult education. Now in its fourth year, this branch of relief has given belated "book larnin'" and guidance to 4,000,000 persons in 600 courses at a cost of about $75,000,000.

Talkers—Last week, adult-education leaders from all parts of the land gathered at Skytop Lodge, in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains, to discuss the fate of this work and its ultimate effect on their own permanent program.

Members of the American Association for Adult Education, they were anxious to ascertain what the Federal Government planned to do in 1937-'38. As they knew, WPA funds for this activity were running low, were not expected to hold out long after July 1. The question was: How much would reduction of the $1,500,000,000 work-relief bill, now before Congress, affect adult education? Their feeling was it might be considerable.

Director Morse A. Cartwright predicted, however, that a considerable amount of the adult-education work being carried on with Federal subsidy would be taken over by local public-school systems when Federal funds were withdrawn.

"It looks as tho the carry-over throughout the country would be considerable," he stated. "In some communities where no sharp line has been drawn as between the relief effort and the regularly supported school offerings for adults, it seems likely that a very large portion, and perhaps even all, of the extraordinary offerings of the depression years may smoothly and naturally be absorbed by the school system.

"Such communities, however, constitute the exception rather than the rule. In fact, they are offset by numerous communities, including whole States, where the cutting off of relief-funds will mean the almost complete abandonment of the adult program."

Local—Stimulated by the WPA classes, a few States have passed legislation to finance permanent programs. Among them are California and Pennsylvania. Connecticut always has supported adult education. In others, similar legislation is being proposed. In this respect, the United States has lagged behind most European countries where extensive, publicly financed adult-education programs have been in existence for a number of years.

Education was the first project undertaken when the Government started Federal relief back in 1933. Last March, a total of 2,031,126 persons were enrolled as regular attendants in 139,756 classes maintained by WPA. Of these, 1,979,076 were men and women and 52,050 ranged from two to four years of age and were enrolled in nursery-schools. In classrooms were 394,628 men and women who had had no opportunity to continue and round out the educational experiences which had been cut short in the earlier years of life.

Art Service Project—WPA

Students of the WPA adult-education project . . . proposed relief-cuts may cripple their work

In addition, 1,051,613 persons not on relief reported for the classes in March. Approximately 100,000 teachers have obtained useful employment.

One of the major objectives outlined in the adult program is to reduce adult illiteracy. Best estimates have it that there are 4,000,000 persons in the United States who are completely illiterate. An equal number are functionally illiterate, or of literacy so negligible as to be of no practical value.

Record—WPA claims to have reduced this illiteracy by one-sixth. In its classes during the past three years 700,000 persons have learned to read newspapers. In March of this year, 6,004 teachers were engaged in projecting rudiments of literacy to 241,048 persons. Experience has shown that most persons who learn to read under WPA auspices continue their education beyond the initial stages.

Other aims of the courses are to inculcate principles of economic and political science and to study social problems. In March, 69,439 persons were studying in this category. Additionally, 109,937 attended lectures or studied allied subjects.

Other purposes include:

> To train aliens for citizenship (five million are still unnaturalized). To strengthen home and family life. To safeguard the welfare of small children. To give vocational training to the unemployed. To give occupational rehabilitation to physically handicapped workers.

All nationalities and races are students of *Uncle Sam:* Spanish-speaking people in the western beet-fields. French-Canadians in Maine lumber-camps. Indians on government reservations. The majority come from the group of 32,000,000 adults who have had less than an eighth-grade education.

Teachers have penetrated rural counties, remote mountain valleys and city slums, holding classes, day and night. Fathers and sons, grandparents and grandchildren are learning together in literacy classes. One class of thirteen in a Southern county is composed of members of one family only—father, mother and eleven children —not one of whom could read or write.

More than 60,000 parents have joined home-study classes.

Kalman Monastersky, seventy-nine, oldest WPA student in Brooklyn, started to study English in December, 1936. An elderly seaman, ruddy-faced with white hair, he came in on shore-leave, wanted to take a course in taxidermy so he could mount specimens obtained at sea. Referred to a taxidermist in the Bronx, he learned.

A teacher in Winston County, Alabama, walked a total of 132 miles between January 25 and February 9 to reach her classes.

In Los Angeles, they have a WPA course in scenario-writing, another in Esperanto, still another in marine navigation.

A twenty-two-year-old married man with three dependents in Oregon had osteomyelitis in his ankle, couldn't work. WPA classes taught him lens-grinding and polishing. He has a job at $17.50 a week.

Scriptures—A seventy-year-old illiterate woman in Escambia County, Alabama, enrolled in an English class to learn to read the Bible. Could do it after she'd perused the "Country Life Reader," "Mother's First Book" and the "Story of Jesus."

In Birmingham, Alabama, a class of firemen studied a simplified Manual of Hydraulics prepared by their teacher, learned to calculate engine-pressure, *etc.*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with one-tenth the figures they'd formerly had to use. Now they're more effective fire-fighters because they know scientifically what they're doing.

An indication of what may happen when adult education becomes permanent everywhere is the superproject at Maplewood, New Jersey, high school. Nearly the whole town turns out on class nights, famous lecturers and professors talk, most of the students are professional people.

Started by the local Parent-Teachers' Association, the school in a few years has grown into the most spectacular adult education project in the East. Its woodworking class has highest rating in school —50 per cent. were Phi Beta Kappas on enrolment.

Law

PORTIA: Fledgling Girl Lawyer in Birmingham Ready to Flap Her Wings in Court

"She's the young lawyer everybody's talking about! Isn't she young?—only nineteen!"

Thus did visitors hear an explanation one morning last week why such commotion had arisen in the offices of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, Birmingham, Alabama.

Typewriter clatter suddenly had ceased, pencils had dropped as clerks, typists and others fluttered to the desk of beaming Margaret Kennedy, petite brunette stenographer, and thrust upon her a buzz of congratulations.

Probably the nation's youngest woman lawyer, Alabama's fledgling *Portia* had just received word from Montgomery, the Capital, that she had passed the stiff bar examinations. Not only because of her youth was this accomplishment remarkable to her friends. Margaret had done it through part-time study without giving up her job—and equipped with only a high-school education.

Margaret was graduated from Ensley High School, Birmingham, in 1934, when she was sixteen. That year her father died, closing college doors to her. Instead, she went to work for the coal company.

Desire—She always had wanted to be a lawyer, always had a yen for politics. At ten she had eavesdropped upon neighbor lawyers discussing partizan feelings for Al Smith or Herbert Hoover. In school this taste was whetted by some sharp political warfare and a study of the careers of famous figures like Oscar Underwood.

Happily for her, there was a four-year night course in the Birmingham Law School, staffed by the town's leading lawyers. She enrolled, spent her evenings poring over legal tomes instead of with "dates"—altho she didn't give up dating altogether.

In her class were a traffic court judge, polishing off his studies, and Lewey Robinson, who leaped from city hall reporter for *The Birmingham Post* into a city commissioner's chair.

Completing her third year this spring, Margaret was convinced she had studied enough to pass the State examination. Officials balked, said requirements were two years of college and four years of law.

She got around that nicely, however. She pleaded that the ruling when applied to her was *ex post facto:* she had begun her law studies a few weeks before it was promulgated by the Alabama Bar Association. But again she was refused, this time because she was a minor.

Find—Undaunted, Margaret went thumbing through her law books. In Section 8284 of the Alabama Code she read: "x x x and such decree shall have the effect of investing such minor with right to sue and be sued, contract, to buy, sell, convey real estate, and generally to do and perform *all acts which such minor could lawfully do if twenty-one years of age.*"

Promptly, on this loophole, Margaret obtained from a judge "such decree," a writ empowering her to take the bar examination.

Her point carried, after a brief shaking of heads.

"Anyway," the oracles said, "what chance has she of passing—a kid only

Margaret Kennedy . . . Alabama typist, becomes a lawyer at nineteen

three years out of high school and with a year yet to go in her studies!"

So they let her take the examinations. Four grueling, grinding days they were when she placed the cover on her typewriter and went down to Montgomery for the ordeal.

On hearing she had passed, most of her friends were afraid she would quit and hang out her shingle right away.

Ambition—On that point, however, she chose to be sensible:

"I feel that I am not sufficiently educated now to begin practise. When I do, tho, I want to practise in court and not just find the law. I want very much to be called 'a good pleader.'"

Margaret said her "real interest" lay in Constitutional Law.

Mention of this yen for Constitutional Law always gives her a chance to go out of her way to take a crack at President Roosevelt for daring to want to change the Supreme Court. She is most emphatic on that point.

With the conservatism of a ranking bar association officer, she says:

"While I am in sympathy with most of President Roosevelt's policies, I do not feel he should in any way destroy our system of checks and balances. If the Supreme Court had held with him in his proposals he would never have desired to change the Court."

She thinks age may have taken part of the Justices' strength, but not their minds. In her opinion, age may affect view-points, but even young people have convictions they will not change—therefore, age is not sufficient reason to change the Court.

While looking with one eye to a future full of thrilling court-room battles and legal *coups,* the Birmingham girl admits the other one is on a future where she will have a home and children and put some of her convictions into practise.

"A woman these days must be efficient and ready to get out in the world and make her own living," she adds. "If the woman is well acquainted with the business world and following a profession, she is certainly going to have better children who will eventually make a better world."

Sports-Lover—Margaret leads the well-rounded life of any working girl with leisure to plan in. She is an avid baseball fan, goes to see the Birmingham Barons play every chance she gets. She also likes tennis, basketball, swimming.

Despite the heavy drain of a full-time job and her law studies, she is able to find time to "go around quite a bit."

She spends much of her spare time reading, and her literary appetite ranges from her favorites, the law books, to recent fiction and travelogues.

For her, looking ahead into life, she considers her present achievement of being the country's youngest lawyer as a stepping stone. Later she plans to take college extension classes in sociology, so she can mix social service with her law practise.

Religion

DRINKING PARENTS: Using Liquor in the Home Vs. Keeping Secrets from Children

Fagged out from a hectic day at the office, *Dad* discards his street things, gets into dressing-gown and comfy slippers, patpats back to the kitchen to mix a drink. *Junior,* in from school, hears the crunch of ice, the gurgle of poured liquor, saunters by as the master samples his first cooling glass.

"Drink hearty, *Dad!*" he laughs.

Is this right? Should parents drink in the presence of children?

America's psychologists, moralists, sociologists and clergymen have decidedly mixed opinions on this ever-larger looming family conundrum.

A fortnight ago, the Rev. Ralph E. Kelly, Pastor of Jersey City's Emory Methodist Episcopal Church, stood before a mothers' and sons' dinner in the Y.M.C.A. Said he:

"Any mother who drinks cocktails at home and any father who lets the children see him drinking a glass of beer is raising his son up to be a drunkard!"

Stir—Among the hundred-odd youngsters present, a good many cast glances of surprize at their mothers. Some whispered in their ears.

Son of a Pennsylvania Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Kelly, dark and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It saves hours for busy buyers
Use your Classified Telephone Directory *before* you start shopping. Find out who sells the advertised brands you want. Then go right to the shop, or telephone instead—saving time and trouble.
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

thirty-six, saw miners get drunk in Scranton, Pennsylvania, streets; to-day finds conditions worse than they were during prohibition. He says his boy and girl—Richard Wendell, eleven, and Mary Ann, nine—confide to him what other children tell them about their parents. The fact is, he declares, his children even have been offered drinks in friends' homes. Other youngsters come straight to him with the same problem.

Jersey City's children, he believes, do not want parents to drink before them, do not want them to drink at all. In his view, they know, from scientific facts gleaned at school, that alcohol is a poison and is bad for their elders. To this they have added moral arguments.

Seconding his view-point, the Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, eminent Minister of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, warns:

"Parents should remember that liquor can and often does create drunkards and, therefore, failures in life."

No—"Case-histories do not prove that the tendency to alcoholism is inherited," contends Dr. Charles H. Durfee, psychological consultant. "All we can say is that there may be inherited a nervous constitution which finds it difficult to resist the effects of alcohol. As to whether the example of the parent will act as a dire warning to the child and keep him from drinking, that is hard to say."

Last week, on the eve of the annual convention, Miss Ida B. Wise Smith, President, insisted that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union never would recognize the problem of "parents' drinking before children" as a "separate problem."

No resolutions ever have been adopted against this particular phase of drinking, she said, emphasizing that it would be included in the organization's militant campaign for abstinence.

In her opinion, parents' drinking before children is much more prevalent since prohibition was lifted and women have elbowed their way to the bar.

Secrecy—Miss Smith condoned the tavern to some extent. Its original purpose, she feels, was to take the father and older brothers out of the home where the children couldn't see them "drunk." However, where they allow children (under twenty-one) in those "horrible places," this purpose is defeated, she said.

"Of course," she added, "parents' drinking in front of their children is infinitely worse than drinking in private. It is a bad, let us say the worst, example."

The problem is not solved so easily, however, according to Drs. Lorene Pruette and Wilbur Hallenback, child psychologists. Hiding is bad. Children, they point out, are quick to sense their parents' trying to conceal drinking habits; loss of respect for parents' honesty usually results from the discovery.

Reason—This "modern" view, by no means without substantial support, is clarified by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, New York writer:

"I see no more harm in parents' drinking before their children than in their eating before their children—so long as they do both in moderation. Probably boys and girls at the growing-up stage would be better off if they learned from their parents the manner, hygiene and ethics of drinking."

Sounding a note of warning, Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, President of the New York State Chapter of the W.C.T.U., feels that drinking before children leads them to believe that alcohol is harmless. Even if boys and girls are taught moderation by the example of their parents, they easily may acquire a taste that exceeds the bounds of moderation, she thinks.

Two Ways—There is, too, the psychological aspect. However, Gretta Palmer, writer with wide experience in social problems, does not believe that drunkenness in itself frightens children or makes them dislike their parents. Says she:

"But if they dislike them anyway, they use it as an excuse to intensify the feeling. Children of heavy-drinking parents will either drink a great deal or almost nothing, depending upon whether they like their parents and wish to imitate them or whether they are in rebellion against them. George Bernard Shaw, famous Socialist playwright, is a complete teetotaler because he disapproved of his father, who was something of a souse."

As to children approaching maturity, the Rev. Phillips Parker Elliot, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, New York, says:

"The church is faced with the impossible task of trying to save young people from a vicious habit which is being developed with the aid not only of the brewers but of the parents."

Their Side—Interviewed at random, these youngsters gave their opinions:

Iris, ten—"Sometimes my Mommy and Daddy have cocktail parties and sometimes they let me come down and see their friends. I love to meet all the different people. They drink cocktails, too, but they don't overdrink, I can tell by the way they behave. It really is just like a tea-party."

Billy, ten—"My parents have a cocktail every night before dinner, but that is all. Mom gives me a sip of her cocktail lots of times, but I don't like it 'specially. I've seen some people drunk on the streets and it's so vulgar I'll never drink that much."

John, twelve—"I have always thought of drinking as a social need and, if done in moderation, it can induce a pleasant atmosphere at home or at parties. It would be a very fine thing if parents were a little more liberal in their outlook on child drinking."

Patricia, eleven—"I'm indifferent to liquor in other people and more than indifferent to it in myself. I have never seen my parents drunk and don't think I ever will. They only get happy." (Note from Patricia's mother—"When Pat was a fat midget of four years, she climbed onto a drug-store stool to order some orange-juice. 'Please don't put any gin in mine,' she confided to the clerk, 'because I don't like the taste of gin.'")

Fear—Robert, five and one-half—"I am always a little afraid of my Daddy, but when he drinks I am not even as much afraid of him, because he is kind of funny. I am never afraid of my Mommy."

Phyllis, eleven—"I think if I ever saw my parents drunk, I'd give them black coffee. I like sherry. My mother gives me a sip."

Harry, nine—"I think drinking is bad. If it is overdone, it is bad, because people get drunk. I have tasted wine and beer. I like the taste of both. . . . My father drinks more than my mother."

Guy, sixteen—"I am in favor of moderation in drinking, not of total abstinence. I believe that forced abstinence leads to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

worse drinking later on. My parents' drinking has not affected my relations with them."

Out to learn what boys think of their fathers in general, Helen Christine Bennett interviewed scores, paying them for their trouble, in an effort to get at the truth. Her findings are published in the June *Cosmopolitan*. On liquor she says:

"Only two boys voluntarily mentioned drinking. Three belonged to families where no liquor is served. All the others were accustomed to drinking at home. Several of the older boys said that they got drunk occasionally. They did not consider occasional drunkenness important, except when driving a car."

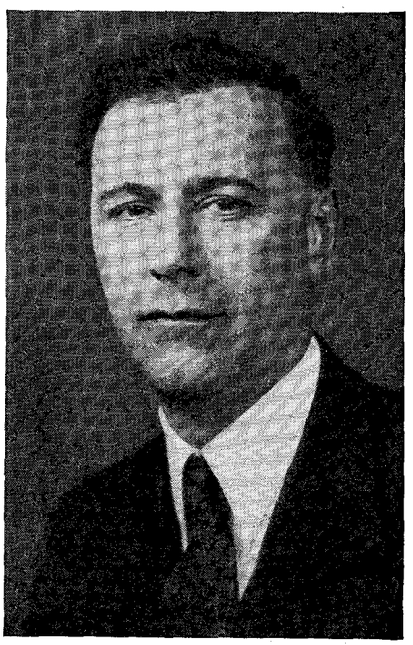
UNSUNG HERO: After Hindenburg Explosion, Jersey Pastor Comforted Victims in Hospitals

The tall, thin man in clerical garb moved silently and calmly from bed to bed. Sweating doctors in rolled-up sleeves stepped back as he stooped over the groaning *Hindenburg* victims. From his lips issued the murmured gutturals of prayer for the living and the dying.

Soon he was gone, off in the night over gloomy highways to four other hospitals. So rapidly did he come and go, so completely did he efface himself from the sound and the fury of that horrible night of May 6 that dazed reporters only muttered: "Who is that fellow?"

Last week, as investigating officials poked over the charred *Hindenburg*, the live-wire Lutheran News Bureau in New York decided the Mystery Hero had hidden his light long enough, announced that he was the Rev. Carl L. Miller, Pastor of the Atonement Church of Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Worker—His prayer-book in hand, Pastor Miller was at the side of the half-roasted victims soon after they reached comforting beds and soothing salves and hypodermics, stayed with them until 4 A.M. All in all, he visited about forty of them Then, with hardly a wink of sleep, he went back the next day.



1934—Morro Castle; 1937—Hindenburg . . . The Rev. Carl Miller comforted the victims

Torn from a night of pastoral quiet into one of horror, he had reached his Church to conduct Ascension day services a half-hour after the explosion rocked the Lakehurst neighborhood. A parishioner who had heard of the disaster over the radio dashed up to him with the news.

Pastor Miller cut his sermon short and sped off in the family car to Paul Kimball Hospital in Lakewood, seventeen miles away, eight miles from the air-port.

His clerical garb got him through the lines of State Troopers guarding the roads to Lakehurst. From the ward he went to private rooms, in one of which he found Capt. Ernst A. Lehmann lying on his face but fully conscious. His whole body was burned, with the exception of his ankles and feet. He was swathed in bandages and salve. Pastor Miller, having been told by the doctors that the Captain wouldn't live, administered the last rites, which in the Lutheran Church open with the Lord's Prayer said by both pastor and recipient.

Pastor Miller administered this service to six persons that night. Five died soon after. He administered it to two others the next day, more later.

Telegrams—There was another minister at Lakewood that night, a Baptist, whom Pastor Miller found wandering about rather helplessly because he couldn't speak German. Not bothering with an introduction, the two men went to work together, the Baptist minister helping to send out telegrams and cablegrams to survivors' families. One went to the wife of Navigator Alfred Bernhard, frightfully burned, who said simply: "Write 'All is well.'" He later died.

Many of the passengers spoke English, some of the crew; others spoke a mixture of German and English. Pastor Miller read services in both languages.

At 2 A.M. he got to the hospital at Pt. Pleasant, where he administered rites to Irene Doehner, the fourteen-year-old girl whose mother threw her younger brothers out the window to save their lives. Her father and one brother also died. Later he got to the sides of victims taken to Pinewald Hospital (Toms River) and Pitkin Hospital (Asbury Park).

Next morning, when he went back to the scene, Dr. Hans Luther, retiring German Ambassador, and another Lutheran minister, the Rev. G. H. Bechtold, of Philadelphia, were there.

"Are you Pastor Miller?" asked the Ambassador.

"Yes."

Then the Ambassador took the two ministers with him from bed to bed, where they offered prayers. Again they saw Captain Lehmann when Doctor Luther paid him Germany's tribute.

The sight of the dead and the surviving passengers of the dirigible was more horrible than anything he ever had imagined, Pastor Miller said.

Duty—"When you have a thing to do, you must go through with it, and somehow the knowledge of that braces you up," he said. "I knew that my duty was to minister to as many of those men and women as I could and I did the best I could. I can't understand all this attention to a thing any minister would do if he had the opportunity."

His love for fishing got him mixed up in his first big disaster—the *Morro Castle's* burning in September, 1934. Out for bluefish, he and fellow fishermen saw the burning ship, tried to come close to pick up

ITALY

arrivederci

in **VENICE** . . . for the Tintoretto Exhibition

in **FLORENCE** . . . for the Giotto Celebrations

in **CREMONA** . . . for the Stradivarius Centennial

100 LIRE FOR **$4.75**

available through

TOURIST CHECKS

or

LETTERS OF CREDIT

on sale at all

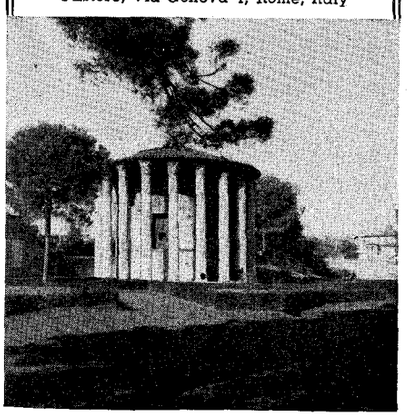
BANKS AND TRAVEL AGENCIES

Hotel and Gasoline Coupons
50 to 70% Railroad reductions

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO

ITALIAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE

NEW YORK:
Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO: 333 N. Michigan Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO: 604 Montgomery St.
Istituto Nazionale per i Cambi con l'Estero, Via Genova 4, Rome, Italy



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

survivors. They had only one engine working and it was stormy. So they could not get close enough to make any rescues without risking being thrown against the flaming ship.

They came to shore and Pastor Miller dashed for the hospitals to give ministration to injured and dying just like he did in the *Hindenburg* disaster. This latter was far worse than the *Morro Castle*, he says. For in that disaster, the survivors were not badly burned, just water-logged, and the dead that floated to shore had only been drowned, not burned alive. The burned ones did get off the ship. The *Hindenburg* passengers and crew, however, were caught so quickly, without chance to escape, that they were literally roasted.

Born of Pennsylvania German stock in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, Pastor Miller is forty-three, has dark, wavy hair that often is tousled.

He was ordained in the Lutheran Church in 1919, had his first pastorate at Freeport, Long Island, and went to Asbury Park in 1930. Father of two children, he likes to go out with the Jersey commercial fishermen.

His general impression about the whole *Hindenburg* disaster was that the kindness displayed between Americans and Germans—crew, passengers, doctors, nurses—will go a lot further toward establishing friendly feelings between the two nations than any amount of diplomatic talk.

Press

LID OFF: Mexico Now Claims Membership in Censor-Free Nations of World

"How to get the news out" has been a major problem of every American foreign correspondent for twenty-five years.

Never, however, has the issue been so complicated as it has become during the past few months.

What applies one day is changed within twenty-four hours. A number of countries have total censorship on Mondays, partial censorship by Wednesday and the next week-end may find all bans lifted temporarily.

Mexico last week lifted all censorship. An editorial in *El Nacional*, official newspaper, read:

"We do not ask eulogies from the foreign press, but cold justice for our men and institutions."

In the accompanying press-censorship map of the world (appearing in *Scribner's Magazine* for June), Mexico is listed as among the partial censors. The map was prepared before the latest bulletin. Betting is even in American newspaper offices that when there is another election the map will hit nearer the truth than the recent editorial.

Curiosity among censorship generalizations is that, whereas in Russia one may criticize individuals, never the system, Latin-American countries, for the most part, countenance criticism of the system, rarely of leading individuals.

Odd fact is that American correspondents prefer the Russian system of censorship. The writer types his story, takes it to the censor, gets a reply. If it's all right, the message goes through eight times out of ten just as written. If not, the story is either rewritten or telephoned by devious methods *via* London.

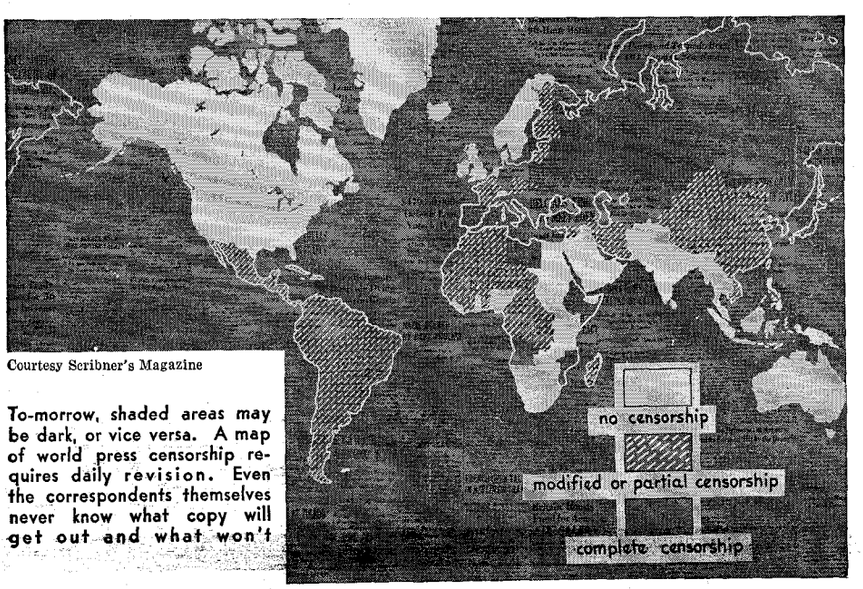
According to Linton Wells in "Blood on the Moon," published last week, the writer at least knows where he stands under this Soviet veteran of blue-pencil systems.

Another peculiarity of the Russian press was explained to THE LITERARY DIGEST by Walter Duranty, Moscow Feature Correspondent for *The New York Times* and author of "I Write as I Please."

"There is virtually no coloring of foreign news by the Russian native press," he said. "Furthermore, they instruct their correspondents not to stress Communist activities in other nations or to feature labor disputes."

Brazil is undergoing the strictest censorship since the revolt of 1930, hardly any news filtering even across the border to Uruguay. Rightists are asking a press curb in Chile. Ecuador has established a strict censorship on all foreign correspondence. Col. Rafael Franco has stopped news of his régime leaving Asuncion, Paraguay.

The countries remaining entirely free of censorship are the United States, British Empire, Switzerland, the Netherlands and the Scandinavian States.



Courtesy Scribner's Magazine

To-morrow, shaded areas may be dark, or vice versa. A map of world press censorship requires daily revision. Even the correspondents themselves never know what copy will get out and what won't

LEFT TO RIGHT: French Mayor, Ex-Communist, Switches to Fascism and Starts Paper

Benito Mussolini seized Italy for fascism when Editor of *Popolo d'Italia*.

Brawny Jacques Doriot hopes to swing fascism into power in France by the same newspaper route.

Mussolini once was a radical, a socialist jailed frequently.

Doriot used to be a communist.

Paris was stirred last week by the appearance of its first admittedly fascist daily newspaper. Doriot, bushy-haired Mayor of the overpopulated industrial suburb of St. Denis, acquired the afternoon journal *La Liberté*.

He promised that each day he would enliven the political scene by a forceful article under his own signature.

The new organ for the turbulent ex-communist formerly was listed as conservative Rightist in political affiliations, catering to the Nationalist bloc with Bonapartist tendencies.

As Doriot frequently has been dubbed "Hitlerian" and compared with Mussolini in his combination of political strategist, editor and efficient administrator, it was believed around boulevard newspaper circles that he soon would institute many of the journalistic flourishes of Germany and Italy.

Helmless—*La Liberté*, known in France for its reactionary views, enjoyed a wide reputation when edited by the late Jacques Bainville, prominent royalist. In recent years, however, it has declined both in prestige and in following. As in many other cases, the ceaseless changing of the political battle-front in France has left this newspaper rudderless and grasping for some point of view.

In last year's circulation figures, 40,000 readers were listed.

Doriot hopes to boost this to 300,000 within a few months—until it becomes the family paper of all supporters of avowed fascism in the nation.

Newcomer—Last summer, Mayor Doriot and his supporters launched themselves as a new party—"Parti Populaire Français"—with a weekly paper, *L'Emancipation Nationale*. Lt.-Col. François de la Rocque, the other French Fascist leader, published *Le Flambeau*, another weekly, originally as an organ of the *Croix de Feu*.

When that movement was proscribed, it became the mouthpiece of the French Social Party.

Doriot, an ardent vote-getter and active campaigner, is being watched with interest. Heretofore his influence hardly has been felt outside St. Denis.

For sixteen years he was an ardent communist. Then he charged the French branch with taking too much dictation from Moscow.

He was expelled from the Party in 1932. In 1927 he had been jailed for subversive activities.

The new Editor has been able to outflank the communists in St. Denis, outpolling them as well at all elections since 1934. Foreign observers are anxious to see how he will fare in Paris.

He has taken his entire staff of *L'Emancipation Nationale* to the offices of *La Liberté* with him.

Muddle—This latest change has added some more jitters to the French newspaper scene. Those dependent on advertising

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

influenced by the Government and even under direct subsidy are beginning to feel insecure. Henry Simond and fifteen of his collaborators have quit *L'Echo de Paris*. All around there has been a serious fall in circulation, especially of some political weeklies with Rightist tendencies. Nationalist dailies have lost revenue. At the same time, a crisis is feared if the white-paper price, already abnormally high, should be raised because of a world shortage.

It is in this distressed field that Jacques Doriot hopes to ride fascism into power.

Taxes

ENDLESS CHAINS: High Court Okehs Multiple-Store Levies; Independents Cheer

It is the personal opinion of this editor that chain-stores have grown to their full stature and are now bumping their heads on the ceiling. Any attempt to push their heads beyond that ceiling will merely get their ears knocked down. —*Food Field Reporter for February 24, 1936.*

Chain-store magnates did have their ears knocked down last week and by no less a body than the United States Supreme Court.

Amid the gleeful shoutings of independent merchants all over the country, the highest tribunal upheld a Louisiana law levying enormous taxes on large chains. The ghost of Huey Long must have chuckled from the mist above the cane-brakes, for it was in the heyday of the "Kingfish" that the act went into the statute-books.

Straightway there arose shouts of "ruin" and "a new era." Such was hinted (before the decision) by the arguments of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., itself. This coast-to-coast concern, which led eleven other companies in challenging the Louisiana law, contended that if the statute were upheld "the era of the national chain is over."

Localized—"It may also be said," the A. & P. argument continued, "that the era of national corporations and of firms or individuals doing business in more than one State is over."

Is it over? The independents think so—at least, they hope so, and if wishful thinking had any effect it would be. But the big chains are not yet ready to confess defeat, tho they know the Supreme Court decision opens the way to further antichain legislation in the various States, of which there is plenty already. None so far has closed its stores in Louisiana.

In response to telegrams from THE LITERARY DIGEST, two chain-store executives commented as follows:

C. R. Walgreen, President of the Walgreen Company (three drug stores in Louisiana): "There was a time when a decision similar to the Supreme Court action on the Louisiana tax law would have caused me deep concern. However, since the overwhelming indorsement accorded the chain stores in the California referendum last November I see no cause for alarm. Consumers have shown they have a vital interest in this matter of taxing economy in distribution."

C. S. Woolworth, Chairman of the Board of the F. W. Woolworth Company (thirteen stores in Louisiana): "A great majority of the American public do not realize how their pocketbooks are affected by this adverse legislation. The chain store to some extent has eliminated the middleman, bringing down the cost to the consumer. Because of this fact the chain store has been legislated against and taxed. To me this seems unfair."

Attempts to hog-tie the chain store by law are not new. Twenty States have anti-chain laws on their books; others have had such statutes, now repealed; still others are shaping them under the goading of independent retailers and their wholesalers, who fight the chain for its menace to the middleman. But the Louisiana law was more drastic than all the rest in that it set up an entirely new principle.

Dodge—Like most of the others in one respect, it establishes a graduated system, increasing the tax on each store as the size of the entire chain increases. A concern which operates not more than ten stores in the State pays $10 for each; eleven to thirty-five stores, $15 for each, and so on up to $550 for each when more than 500 stores are involved. But the number of stores is calculated for tax purposes not on the number actually operating in Louisiana, as in most States, *but on those making up the entire national chain.*

Thus, while the A. & P. has only 106 stores in the State, or considerably fewer than the 500 required for the $550 tax on each, it has 15,082 in the United States, Canada and elsewhere. Hence, it falls automatically in the top bracket and must pay $550 on each of its 106 Louisiana stores, or a total of $58,300.

In contrast, one of its competitors (H. G. Hill Stores), has ninety-two stores on which it pays only $30 each, or a total of $2,670, because it is purely a Louisiana concern and has no units elsewhere.

In its four-to-three* decision upholding

*Justice Van Devanter, conservative (since resigned), and Justice Stone, liberal, did not participate in the decision. As usual, no reasons were given for this. Sometimes when a Justice takes no part in a decision it is because he owns stock in a concern before the Court, once represented it as a lawyer, or is related to one of its officials.

How Twenty States Tax Chain Stores

STATE	FORM OF TAX
Alabama	$1 to $112.50 per store (graduated according to number of units).
Colorado	$2 to $300.
Florida	$10 to $400 per store; ½ per cent. of gross receipts.
Georgia	$2 to $200.
Idaho	$5 to $500.
Indiana	$3 to $150.
Iowa	$5 to $155.
Kentucky	$2 to $300.
Louisiana	$10 to $550.
Maryland	$5 to $150.
Michigan	$10 to $250, plus special tax on counters.
Minnesota	$5 to $155; 1/20 of 1 per cent. to 1 per cent. on combined gross sales of all stores.
Mississippi	$3 to $300.
Montana	$2.50 to $30 ($5 to $200 after January 1, 1938).
North Carolina	$50 to $225 per store; $10 to $85 for automotive-service stations.
South Carolina	$5 to $150.
Tennessee	$3 per 100 sq. ft.
Texas*	$1 to $750.
West Virginia	$2 to $2.50.
Wisconsin**	$25 to $250.

A Maine chain-store tax of $1 to $50 was repealed this year.

*Law inoperative because of permanent injunction issued by Texas District Court which is being appealed to State Supreme Court.
**Law expires July 1.

5 STAR reasons why you should vacation in

Rhode Island

For summertime you want a quiet corner — a placid state of mind . . . in touch with the world, but unhurried by it.

RHODE ISLAND offers a chance to loaf on sun-flooded beaches . . . to untangle the knots in your nervous system . . . to revel in the surf . . . develop an appetite on cool salt breezes, and satisfy it with zestful sea food.

RHODE ISLAND offers sit-down sports and the run-around kind . . . polo and tennis matches, International Yacht Races, tournaments . . . or sailing, fishing, golfing, riding and all the rest.

RHODE ISLAND offers three hundred years of history . . . mellowed and time-worn . . . Colonial doorways, quiet villages, famous sites, antique shrines and legends of America's founding fathers.

RHODE ISLAND offers comfortable accommodations to suit your wish and pocketbook . . . modern, luxurious hotels or clean, homey farmhouses that welcome summer guests . . . lobster canape or water-ground jonnycake.

RHODE ISLAND offers the vacation you want, whatever it is . . . in sun-drenched, peaceful countryside by sparkling blue water . . . away from the towns, yet near them, too.

Less than 4 hours from New York, 45 minutes from Boston, 300 years from the nerve-fret of metropolitan streets. Clip the coupon now.

RHODE ISLAND
— a State of contentment
completely surrounded by your budget.

CUT ON DOTTED LINE & MAIL

SECRETARY OF STATE
219-G State House
Providence, R. I.

Please send full information on Rhode Island

Name.....

Address.....

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the law, the Court held it well within the police powers of Louisiana, tho the majority opinion specified that validation of the statute was not to be regarded as stamping it as economically sound. That question did not enter at all; only the right of the State to enact such a law was considered.

Nay—Justice Sutherland penned a caustic dissent.

"If the Louisiana statute be valid," he wrote, "other States in the Union may pass similar acts; and it is not improbable that they will. And if they do so, a remarkable situation will be brought about."

And if the chain-store men be permitted to edge in a word, a very remarkable situation already has been brought about. In State after State* the powerful lobbies of the independents and the wholesalers have engineered through anti-chain taxes which the chains denounce as discriminatory and even confiscatory.

When the Indiana tax law (graduated from $3 on the first store up to $25 each on all stores over twenty) was upheld by the United States Supreme Court in 1931, the chain men offered a hypothetical case to prove its unfairness. A large department store might do a vast business running into the millions annually. It would pay $3 for the right to operate. Across the street might be a small unit of a twenty-store grocery-chain, doing a comparatively puny business in the thousands. Yet its tax would be $25.

Grist—Some 175 chain-tax plans were offered in 1931. In 1933, there were 225, in 1935 the measures thrown into the hoppers exceeded 100 and in 1937 some 150 have been acted on or are pending.

Already, in 1937, Montana and South Dakota have enacted new or more drastic chain-store levies; Georgia has put through a tax; Florida is putting new teeth in its old one; Pennsylvania is weighing a $1-to-$500 law. Even thirty-three cities have joined the procession.

Yet not all has been smooth sailing for the chain taxers. The Oklahoma Legislature threw out a bill for a graduated tax. The California law was killed at a popular referendum held with the 1936 general election. The Maine law was repealed this year. Arizona repealed its tax. A flat chain-store levy was invalidated by Georgia courts and a graduated sales levy by New Mexico courts.

From this the chain-store proponents argue that the consumer isn't and never has been excited over protests by independent retailers, wholesalers, some radio stations and newspapers; that he goes where he thinks he can get the best value for his money regardless of sentiment. Thousands of housewives shop at the chains because they think the prices better and the quality more uniform, yet thousands more stand by the independents because of personal service and the convenience of charge-accounts.

While independent storekeepers convene in a lodge of sorrow whenever they think of the chains, cold statistics prove that as a class they aren't doing so badly, at least in numbers. True, the chains, with their uniformly-painted fronts and regimented insides, appear to be everywhere, yet the Department of Commerce Census of Business for 1935 shows that the chains accounted for only 22 per cent., approximately, of the total retail volume in the United States for that year and owned only about 8 per cent. of the stores.

The total retail volume for 1935 was $33,161,276,000, of which the chains took $7,550,186,000. Chains operated 127,482 of the total of 1,653,961 stores.

How the 1937 figures will shape up as a result of the Louisiana decision no one can now predict with accuracy, but observers agree that the chain-store idea—with its stress of location, centralized and expert buying, huge volume, quick turnover and uniform pricing—is hard to beat.

Several hundred years ago, when a cannon-ball really was a ball and not a murderous container of shrapnel or high explosive, some early-day munitions genius conceived the idea of the chain-shot. If one cannon-ball would knock off one man or slice one rope of a ship's rigging, he must have argued, why not link two of them together with a chain and, firing them from the same gun with one charge of powder, decapitate ten buck privates or mow down a whole section of rigging at once? He tried it and it worked. Similarly the chain store, with its supplies and policies fired from one gun by one gunner, has worked, mowing down competitors.

The advance of armaments ended the chain-shot. What will end the chain store? Taxation?

*The Federal Government has taken a hand with the Robinson-Patman Act, aimed particularly at the large chains. It seeks to suppress unreasonable quantity discounts, rebates, *etc.*

Sports

LADY LUCK: Men, Machines and Chance Rule Fate in Indianapolis Auto-Race

Best-known automobile-race in America is the 500-mile Memorial day whirl around the two-and-one-half mile, brick-paved speedway at Indianapolis (see cover).

Best-known race-driver in American history is Old-Timer Barney Oldfield, who long ago hung up his turned-back cap and goggles, never appears in public without a cigar clamped between his teeth.

In years of driving, Barney never won the Memorial day race.*

Moral: Luck counts more than a reputation, racing brains or a fast car on the jarring bricks at Indianapolis.

Of the thirty-three stream-lined cars that roar down the straightaway next Monday morning at 10 o'clock when Honorary Starter Henry T. ("Dick") Merrill, famed transatlantic flier, fires the starting-bomb, probably no more than a dozen will complete the 200-lap junket.

Photo by F. M. Kirkpatrick

Only *three-time* winner in Indianapolis-race history, Louis Meyer hopes to repeat this year

Grueling—For, in addition to offering the heftiest pot of gold ($100,000) in American motor-car racing, the Indiana oval provides the most grinding test of luck, man and machinery in the field of sport.

In its twenty-four-year history, only two men have ever won the Indianapolis race more than once.

Tommy Milton won in 1921 and 1923. Last year, Louis Meyer repeated his victories of 1928 and '33.

Three-Time-Winner Meyer is thirty-two, married, has two children and lives in Huntington Park, California. He golfs in the low eighties, spends a good part of the off-season hunting in the Sierras and usually lets his wife drive the family car through traffic.

On the track, he believes consistent, steady driving rather than blistering spurts of speed wins races.

Prophet—Before the 1928 Indianapolis race, Meyer predicted a 100-mile-an-hour average would win. His winning average was 99.482. He called 105 necessary in 1933 and won at 104.62. Last May, he was only slightly above his prerace estimate of 108 miles an hour, winning at an average speed of 109.069, fastest in the track's history.

Meyer's father was a bicycle-racer in Germany, his brother, Eddie, a former Pacific coast dirt-track champion. This year, another brother, Henry, twenty-one, will ride with Louis as mechanic.

Since 1927, when he started racing, Meyer has competed in ten Indianapolis races, has won three firsts, a second and a fourth.

Of the $1,316,800 won at the speedway since 1911, Meyer has taken $67,400, another record.

In all, Meyer has raced 3,885 miles on the bricks at Indianapolis.

On Monday he will only have to complete 177 of the 500 miles to smash the all-time driving record of 4,061 held by Ralph DePalma.

Veteran—DePalma finished sixth in the inaugural Indianapolis race of 1911, won in 1915 and placed in four of the other eight in which he competed before his retirement in 1925.

Two weeks ago, fifty-five-year-old DePalma, who was born in Italy, but talks with a Hoosier accent, climbed into a stock-model LaSalle convertible coupé, drove the regulation 500 miles around the Indianapolis oval at an average clip of 82.189 miles an hour. Ray Harroun, General Motors officials proudly pointed out, averaged only 74.59 when he won the first Indianapolis race.

Of the fifty-four cars originally entered in this year's race, only the thirty-three making the fastest qualifying times will start. In the first qualifying runs two weeks ago, "Wild Bill" Cummings, driving the car in which he won the 1934 race,

*Finished fifth in 1914 and 1916.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covered the twenty-five miles at an average of 123.455, the official "fastest" in track history.

Zipper—In an unofficial speed-trial, Jimmy Snyder, of Chicago, roared around the two-and-one-half-mile track in one minute, ten seconds, an average clip of 128.571. Snyder was driving one of the seven cars entered by lanky, twenty-two-year-old Joe Thorne, millionaire New York sportsman.

Thorne, refused a driver's license by Indianapolis stewards on the ground of "insufficient experience" before last year's race, has been racing on dirt-tracks during the last twelve months and may drive one of his own cars on Monday.

The youthful speed enthusiast owns twelve racing-cars, fourteen racing-motorcycles and three air-planes. This year he again named to his racing staff, every member of which must be able to drive faster than he can, forty-six-year-old Zeke Meyer.

Meyer looks like Lewis Stone, film star, is the oldest driver at Indianapolis and last year finished ninth in one of Thorne's cars.

Gas—Major change in the rules for this year's race removes the limit on the amount of gasoline which can be used. In 1936, drivers were allowed only thirty-seven and one-half gallons for 500 miles. Meyer, the winner, had one pint in his tank at the finish.

This year, drivers must use a *bona fide* commercial gasoline of a brand at least one year old and regularly sold at filling-stations.

In previous races they have used specially-treated fuel, sometimes costing as much as $2 a gallon.

Because drivers now can use as much gasoline as they like, chances are the 1937 race will be faster than last year's. Previously they have held back on the accelerator pedal to conserve fuel.

First price at Indianapolis is $20,000; second, $10,000; third, $5,000; fourth, $3,500; fifth, $3,000; sixth, $2,200; seventh, $1,800; eighth, $1,600; ninth, $1,500; tenth, $1,400.

Plus consolation awards of $10,000, the speedway's contribution to the kitty totals $60,000.

Lap-prizes of $100 each and accessory prizes awarded by companies whose equipment is carried on the winning car, raise the race's total value to approximately $100,000.

Down—Still ballyhooed as "the great outdoor laboratory of the automotive industry," the Indianapolis race in recent years probably has lost most of its value as a testing-ground for devices later adopted for passenger-cars. For one thing, the race is held but once a year; for another, most of the larger automobile manufacturers maintain their own testing-grounds.

Basically, most critics feel, the appeal is the appeal of thrills and dangers. Since 1911, thirty-one people have been killed at the Indianapolis track.

No death-defying daredevil now, Barney Oldfield is preaching safety in driving. He maintains racing has lost its usefulness to the motor industry.

"Speed, speed and more speed is the Indianapolis slogan every year," he says, "and I claim there is danger in speed.

"The Indianapolis Speedway has paid for itself many times over. The capitalists that now own it should stop bulling the dear old public. They should publicize it for what it is: a spectacle that caters to the morbidly curious."

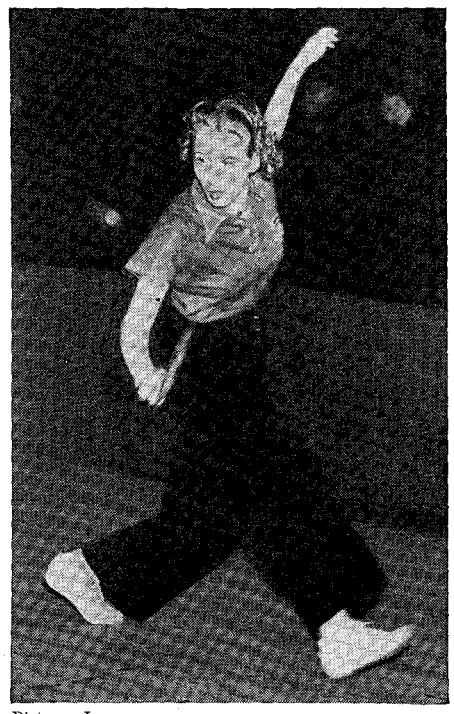
BOUNCING GAME: Table-Tennis Speeds Up, Crowds Out Old-Fashioned Playing Styles

In slightly more than forty years, table-tennis has accumulated an estimated 10,000,000 addicts. But more significant is the fact that America's top-ranking man and woman table-tennis players are under voting age.

Last week, the United States Table-Tennis Association announced that it would designate as the country's No. 1 players Ruth Hughes Aarons, twenty, and Sol Schiff, nineteen, both of New York.

Table-tennis, once known and mildly pursued by the croquet-clique under the name of ping-pong, has developed, in championship brackets, into an exhausting test of youth, speed and murderous accuracy even more tiring than its outdoor counterpart.

Like many another's the game's origin is obscure. Some authorities contend that it was invented in Salem, Massachusetts.



Pictures, Inc.

Ruth Aarons, America's No. 1 woman ping-ponger, has form and footwork

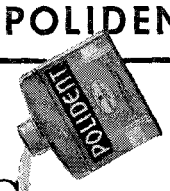
Others claim that bored British Army officers in India first began batting a tightly-bound ball of feathers over a "net" of upright books on the dining-room table. The date was in the gay 'nineties.

Speed-Up—With the discovery, ten years later, that celluloid balls make a faster game, table-tennis started going places. In the original version, all shots were hit on the volley. With the new balls, experimenters found it impossible to return a volleyed service, so the bounce was installed. The game has been bouncing along at an increasingly faster clip ever since.

In infancy, ping-pong (a name copyrighted by Parker Brothers, first manufacturers of equipment, and officially dropped in 1931 with the formation of the New York Table-Tennis Association) demanded more patience than skill. It was just a question of bouncing the ball leisurely back and forth across the net, scoring as in outdoor tennis. In 1929, the twenty-one-point game was introduced.

Credit for originating the smashing type

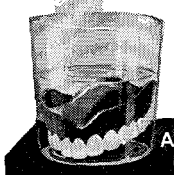
DON'T BRUSH FALSE TEETH
AND REMOVABLE BRIDGES!
CLEAN LIKE NEW with POLIDENT



WORKS LIKE MAGIC
Put plate or bridge in half a glass of water. Add a little Polident powder—and see stains and deposits go!

CLEAN and purify—actually recondition—artificial teeth with this harmless powder now recommended by dentists everywhere. It removes all stains, tarnish, mucin and odors without brushing. Helps remove that false, dead look—making teeth appear more "live" and natural.

No danger. No acid. Made and guaranteed by famous Wernet Laboratories. Users say it's a blessing for comfort, convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can 30c at drug stores. Money back if not delighted.



STAINS · DEPOSITS · TARNISH —DISSOLVED AWAY— RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES!

ASK YOUR DENTIST!
Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau
POLIDENT

ROOTS OF AMERICA
By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

A sincere study of the people whom the author found on the rural roads of America, men and women more concerned with seed-time and harvest than with the new currents of political and economic thought.

"It is a sympathetic portrait gallery of grandsires and gaffers who have hard, competent hands, and who are sure of themselves, and who still believe that their theories and ideas mean something because they worked them out rather than borrowed them."—*N. Y. Times.*

316 pages, with 33 full-page photographs, $3.00; by mail, $3.14.

At all bookstores or from the Publishers

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of play requiring a player to stand five or ten feet from the table goes not to Americans but to the Hungarians. Table-tennis is Hungary's national game. Its champions rate prestige equivalent to that of American heavy-weight boxers.

Tops—Americans learned a lot from a young Hungarian named Viktor Barna, five times world champion. Barna can hit a dime placed on the far side of the net. His pet shot is the famous "Barna flick," played off the backhand with or without top-spin.

Americans played a defensive-type game, using the monotonous chop-shot, until they took on Barna in 1933. The Barna flick almost annihilated American chop-shot experts. They dropped it.

In this country the game is governed by the United States Table-Tennis Association, which was formed in 1933 and has fifteen State groups, more than 3,000 rabid members.

Last April the U.S.T.-T.A. withdrew from the International Table-Tennis Federation. Storm-center of the international dispute upheaving American table-tennisites was Miss Aarons, who lost the world championship at Baden, Austria, in February when officials halted her final-round match with Trude Pritzi for stalling. The title was declared vacant in 1937.

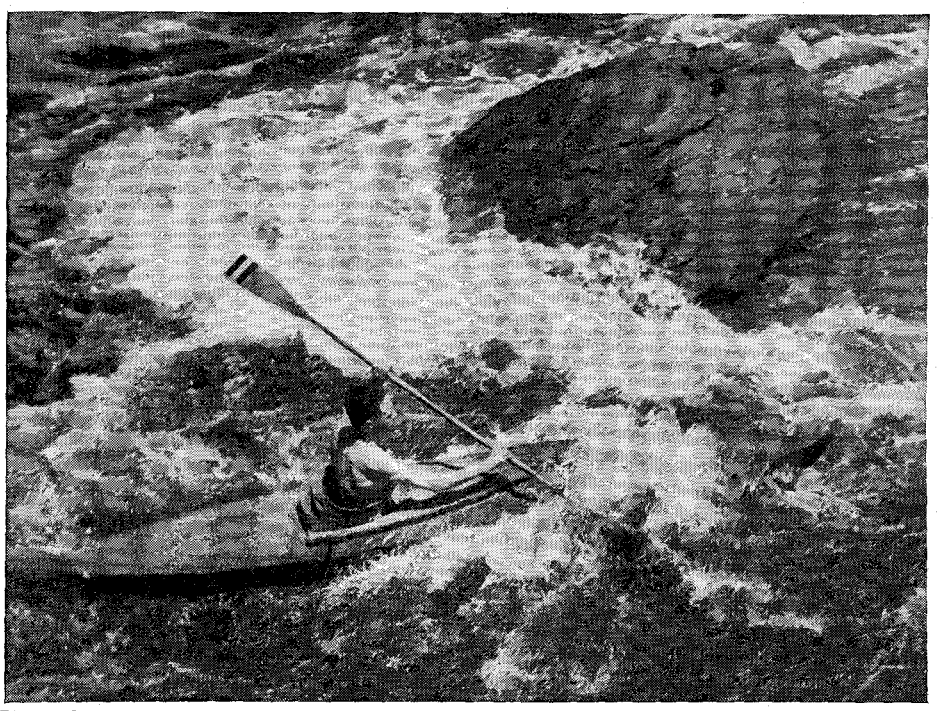
Out—A contributing cause of the U.S.T.-T.A.'s withdrawal from the I.T.-T.F. was suspension of Miss Aarons earlier in April by the English Table-Tennis Association for playing unsanctioned exhibitions in London theaters and hotels. Objecting to a by-law making it mandatory for the U.S.T.-T.A. to suspend her as well, the American organization withdrew. It probably will apply for reaffiliation in July.

Schiff, the American men's champion, is red-headed, likable and has been playing table-tennis eight years. He won the metropolitan championship when he was thirteen.

At Baden, last February, Schiff and his team-mates, Abe Berenbaum of New York, Jimmy McClure of Indianapolis and Robert Blattner of St. Louis won the Swaythling Cup for team-championship of the world. Schiff set a world record himself by winning twenty-one of his twenty-two matches in round-robin competition with players from fourteen nations.

Schiff is a left-hander. He's also a smasher. He likes to loaf along against an opponent until he sees an opening, then smash the ball to a far corner of the table with terrific force.

He has a lot of fun with trick shots, too. He can beat the average player while making all his shots with his left hand bent behind his back, hitting the ball from the right side.



Pictures, Inc.

A fold-boat pioneer shoots rapids on Connecticut's Housatonic River

BOATS FOLD: German Craft Also Shoot Rapids, Provide Exercise or Capsize

A close second to skiing and dueling, a fair third to beer-bibbling as the diversion of crop-topped Heidelberg students is the sport of knifing through the roiling rapids and skimming over the sedate stretches of Germany's picture-postcard Neckar River in slim, *kaiak*-like craft called *faltboote* (folding boats).

That *faltbootpaddeln* one day may be as popular in America as it is in Europe was predicted noisily last week by 150 pioneers of this country's first fold-boat expedition. The preceding Sunday, ninety-one boat-loads of curiously-dressed men and women had braved eighteen miles of whirlpools and eddies on Connecticut's swollen Housatonic River; emerged wet, unscathed and enthusiastic.

Inspired by the success of the snow and bicycle trains, the first fold-boat excursion and the second, last Sunday, were operated by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. The starting-point for both was New York City; the destination, Falls Village, Connecticut. Provided patronage and the Housatonic hold up, the railroad will continue the Sunday trips throughout the early summer and renew them in September and October.

Swimmers—At least half the hardy adventurers on the New Haven's first *Fold-boat Flier* were Germans and Austrians, who brought their own boats in duffel-bags and rucksacks, had the foresight to wear bathing-suits. Most of the others were novices anticipating a quiet (and dry) paddle down a bucolic stream in boats rented on the train ($4 for a single-, $7 for a two-seater).

While Connecticut Yankees gaped in astonished amusement, the junketing fold-boaters assembled their craft in anywhere from ten to fifty minutes, then shoved off into a river swollen four feet above normal by spring rains. First to capsize was Jacob Kissner, who manufactures the boats in Long Island City and already has sold more than 2,000 in this country.

Demonstrating the stability of his single-seater *Folbot*, Kissner then back-paddled into a whirlpool and delighted reporters and camermen by toppling over in the fragile craft. Grinning sheepishly, he swam ashore, emptied the boat and started again.

Wettings—Despite Kissner's dousing, the day's record was an amazing tribute to the seaworthiness of the slender craft he manufactures. At least two of the fifty rapids between Falls Village and Flanders, the destination, really were dangerous stretches of swirling white water. Yet only nine tip-overs, three of them by the same elderly German couple, were reported. No one was hurt.

One fold-boater, Malcolm Rorty, of New York City, was left standing on a rock in midstream while his craft bobbed down the river without him.

In shooting rapids, novices discovered, the object is to keep the bow headed directly down-stream. Most frequent mishap to fold-boaters who let their craft veer to port or starboard was a soaking from water shipped over the side.

Kissner manufactures five models of *Folbots:* a fourteen- and a seventeen-foot single-seater, two seventeen-and-one-half-foot two-seaters and one three-seater, used principally for fishing. Sails and outboard-motors can be attached. But nearly all fold-boaters prefer the standard method of locomotion: a double-bladed paddle.

Folbots weigh between thirty-five and sixty pounds, cost from $45 to $74, come packed in two canvas bags.

Easy—There are approximately 400 parts to a *Folbot*. But the boatman only has to assemble twenty-two ribs and stretchers into the skeleton framework. The hull covering is canvas impregnated with rubber and fits tightly over the ash frame. Cuts and tears are patched like automobile inner-tubes.

The boats have a low center of gravity, draw only three inches of water and are virtually unsinkable. There are 500,000 of them in Europe.

In calm or fast water the boats are capable of high speed. Normal running-time for the eighteen miles between Falls Village and Flanders, experts say, is two and one-half hours. Most fold-boaters take six.

High light of the train-ride, which takes three hours each way, costs $2.25 round-trip, is a seven-piece Tyrolean band, whose brassy thumpings had fold-boaters waltzing in the aisles on the way home.

Mystery man of the first *Fold-boat Flier* was an unidentified New Yorker dressed in hunter's costume and allegedly toting a shotgun.

"It was understood," reported the New York *Herald Tribune's* McIlvaine Parsons, "that the term 'shooting rapids,' used in advertising the trip, was so unfamiliar to him and seemed such an unlikely sport that he conjectured it really meant 'shooting rabbits.'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CELLULOID RAINBOW FOR HOLLYWOOD

Goldwyn of the Epigrams Sees Gold in "Mud" Colors

At an astounded director, Samuel Goldwyn (born Samuel Goldfish) once bellowed: "Too caustic? Well, if it's a good picture we'll make it. The hell with the cost."

Such linguistic murders by Hollywood's No. 1 epigram-wrecker enrich movie lore. (A typical Goldwynism: "It rolls off my back like a duck.")

But last week in his paneled Hollywood office, Goldwyn addressed subordinates thus in unimpeachable English:

"All Goldwyn pictures will henceforth be done in color."

Since Goldwyn is dean of Hollywood's producers, its largest individual producer and owner of Samuel Goldwyn, Inc., a $5,000,000 corporation, his statement astounded the movie industry.

Hum—Yet, tho Goldwyn's decision even might mean the death-knell for black-and-white pictures, movie-folk failed to don mourning. Lots buzzed with gossip about the significance of the decision, but production of black-and-white films continued briskly. Cameras churned and directors bawled orders.

It is apparent that even if the country's fourth largest industry eventually takes to color, the switch will not assume proportions of a stampede. Advocates of color-films see a bright future, tho they know that serious obstacles bar the path to a quick switch to color and the chief obstacle is production capacity.

The biggest factor in color-pictures is Technicolor, Inc., which contracts to shoot color-scenes for various producers. To them, Technicolor leases special cameras costing approximately $20,000 each. These cameras break down the image into three color-negatives, red, blue and green.

Half—Technicolor declares it has a virtual monopoly in the commercial color-picture field, is geared to produce up to 100,000,000 feet of color-film a year, of which 75,000,000 feet can be devoted to feature-length pictures. Annually the country's movie industry uses a billion feet of film and produces about 500 pictures. Technicolor's capacity is reported to be about twenty-five feature-length pictures a year. Which means that, at the moment, the country's colored feature-picture supply is limited to this figure.

Presumably Goldwyn would avail himself of Technicolor, thus giving the corporation's earnings another fillip. Despite its apparent monopoly, Technicolor lost money in the three years preceding 1935, broke about even that year, showed a net profit of $591,000 in 1936. Earnings for the first quarter of this year were $166,000, as against $132,000 for the same period last year.

But Technicolor may not hold the field alone for long. Patent-infringement suits await court action. A new color-process known as Cosmo, and sponsored, according to *Variety*, by two leading Wall Street investment-trusts, is reported ready for marketing. Furthermore, Eastman Kodak Company, America's No. 1 camera-maker, is interested in the Keller-Dorian process which requires but one negative as compared to the three now used by Technicolor. The Keller-Dorian process would use a $30 filter to transform standard movie apparatus into color-cameras, thus would threaten further use of the $20,000 Technicolor cameras.

Technicolor has contracts to shoot twelve pictures, half its peak capacity for a year, exclusive of work expected from Goldwyn, who "went color" after seeing "A Star Is Born," a Selznick-International picture starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

Goldwyn will spend about $10,000,000 this year. Half of this will be spent on color-pictures, the other half will go to other pictures already begun. United Artists, of which Goldwyn owns 20 per cent., will distribute them.

Schedule—In his first three color-pictures Goldwyn will glorify Goldwyn in the "Goldwyn Follies," starring Helen Jepson, Metropolitan Opera diva. He will spend about $2,000,000 on this "supermusical." Of this, some $600,000 has been allocated to color-costs. Production starts August 1.

Color also will glorify Goldwyn's "The Real Glory," a story of American occupation of the Philippines, and will light up feminine loveliness in his "You Can Be Beautiful," a story of the billion-dollar beauty industry.

Another possibility this year is "Gone With the Wind." Selznick-International has bought the screen rights. Moviegoers lifted curious eyebrows recently on reading that Mrs. Jock Whitney had been tested as a prospect for the coveted rôle of *Scarlett O'Hara*. The connection between the comely society matron and the rôle is her husband, John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, Chairman of the Board of Selznick-International. Should Mrs. Whitney get the rôle she would be a dark-horse winner in a race in which almost every possible Hollywood actress has been entered by fans. Mr. Whitney, famed for his fine racing-stables, has named a thoroughbred "Tara" after the O'Hara acres in the novel.

Hollywood rushed to color in 1929. Goldwyn joined the rush. His "Whoopee" (a two-color picture) cost $1,000,000, grossed $3,000,000.

"A great picture," a friend said.

"A novelty," Goldwyn replied.

Despite that $3,000,000 gross, color failed to dazzle him. Warner Brothers released "Gold Diggers of Broadway" that year, a big box-office success. It looked as if color-pictures had arrived. Still Goldwyn remained unconvinced.

Moviegoers found the colors too vivid, unnatural; the pictures hurt the eyes, assaulted them with brilliance, made them squint. Familiar stars became strangers with boiled-lobster complexions. "No one ever saw grass THAT green," moviegoers protested. Exhibitors shied from the color-films costing from $100,000 to $600,000 extra to produce.

Much of that is changed. Color has been brought under control. Hollywood designers and decorators discarded vivid hues, work now in "mud." Colors are toned down, flesh-tints "cooled off."

Make-up artists helped advance color-pictures by a new technique. Max Factor produced a secret gray make-up for Technicolor films which is applied with a wet sponge. He used it for the first time in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938," now under production. By applying the make-up to rabbits and guinea-pigs, experts test skin-reactions.

Oddity—Mr. Goldwyn, at fifty-five, is reported to control from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, but he seldom carries money, says it bulges his pockets, destroys the lines of his carefully tailored clothes. Blithely he threw away more than $400,000, scrapping the first version of "Nana" (starring Anna Sten); yet he fights like a tiger with friends over a dollar loss at bridge.

Goldwyn insists on being boss. He left Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer because they curbed his authority. He formed

Acme

Dark-horse candidate Mrs. Jock Whitney may come through with Scarlett O'Hara honors

Wide World

Samuel Goldwyn, Hollywood's No. 1 epigram-wrecker, won to color

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Samuel Goldwyn, Inc., so he could produce pictures his own way, spend his own money.

Because while excited Goldwyn rarely can use more than a dozen words without getting them mixed, Hollywood calls him the "ten-word man." Laid at Goldwyn's door are:

"The trouble with this business is the dearth of bad pictures."

"In this part I want a lady, a lady; somebody that's couth."

"He treats me like the dirt under my feet."

Goldwyn worships good writers, has a battery of ace publicists who expertly process the boss's press-releases. Some of the Goldwynisms were traced to his own publicity department, which recognized their value in spreading the Goldwyn name.

Once Goldwyn saw a screen-test of Frances Howard, the actress. He stormed at the test, rebuked the casting man for "wasting the company's and the girl's time." Later, Goldwyn met Miss Howard for the first time. She had bobbed her hair after the screening.

"Now that you've bobbed your hair, you're terrible," Goldwyn remarked.

He married her later, bob and all.

TRADE TIES: Commerce Was Cement That Bound the British Empire; Now Cracks Appear

The brass knocker on the front door at No. 10 Downing Street, London, which World War soldiers used to rub with their fists for good luck, clacked busily one afternoon last week. The front door opened to admit a thin, bespectacled septuagenarian in a cutaway and bowler, a sexagenarian with a grim mouth and scholarly droop to his shoulders and a massive-headed, younger man who walked with a slight limp.

The thin septuagenarian was James Barry Munnik Hertzog, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa; the man with the grim mouth, William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada; the man with the limp, Joseph Aloysius Lyons, Prime Minister of Australia.

On their heels, burdened with fat briefcases, trooped a battalion of other Dominion officials and their secretaries. All made straight for the two-century-old Cabinet Room where Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden awaited them.

There they seated themselves at the great mahogany table lined with stationery-racks and ink-pots.

Problems—The lean Foreign Secretary rose from his chair opposite Prime Minister Baldwin at the table's center and outlined the foreign problems which the Imperial Conference, assembled before him, must consider.

By letting their eyes wander from the youthful Eden, delegates from India, New Zealand and South Africa and the four corners of the British Commonwealth of Nations could look out of the Cabinet Room's high windows and into a tiny garden lined with green shrubs and ugly iron chairs. By letting their thoughts wander, they could speculate on the trade deals they would bring back to their homelands.

As spokesmen for Canada, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia, (the Irish Free State sent no representative) Prime Ministers King, Hertzog, M. J. Savage and Lyons represented free and autonomous nations, equal in status to England herself.

Nominally they were linked to the mother country only by their allegiance to the newly crowned King George VI. In reality, they were bound as with steel cables by consideration of self-interest: the British Navy, for instance, and markets for their wool, gold, nickel and diamonds.

These, at least, had comprised the cement that bound the Empire until 1914 when the Dominions evidenced their unity by sending troops to fight the mother country's battles. Now it is quite likely the Dominions never may fight Britain's battles again, for from Winnipeg, Canada, and Sydney, Australia, and Johannesburg, South Africa, European entanglements appear no more inviting than they do from Denver, Omaha or Chicago.

Clash—Significantly, the Dominions had refused to sign the Locarno pacts. As for trade, trouble loomed also, for the Dominions are coming of age industrially, are seeking to dominate their own markets even to the exclusion of goods from the mother country. Not only that, but Dominion commerce at times runs head-on into that of Britain (for example: in the Far East, India's textiles compete with those of Lancashire).

Over the Imperial Conference, therefore, hovered a big question: Could the delegates, sitting as a parliament of five closely-allied nations, consolidate the most wide-spread democratic power in the world?

For *John Bull* and his Empire, it was vital that the answer was yes. For *Uncle Sam* it also was important that the Dominions solve their problems, since the solution probably would mean lower Empire-trade bars and eventual expansion of Secretary of State Cordell Hull's reciprocal-trade pacts.* In a score of world capitals eyes turned to London, for a successful Imperial Conference probably would be a precursor to a world economic conference. A successful world economic conference would mean peace.

Alone, the United Kingdom would make only a sorry showing as a Great Power. Great Powers need machine-power that will win wars and machine-power is impossible without access to raw materials. England can feed all 42,000,000 islanders only for six months. Except for coal, it is a pauper in almost all the materials industry needs, lacking iron, petroleum, copper, cotton, nickel and manganese.

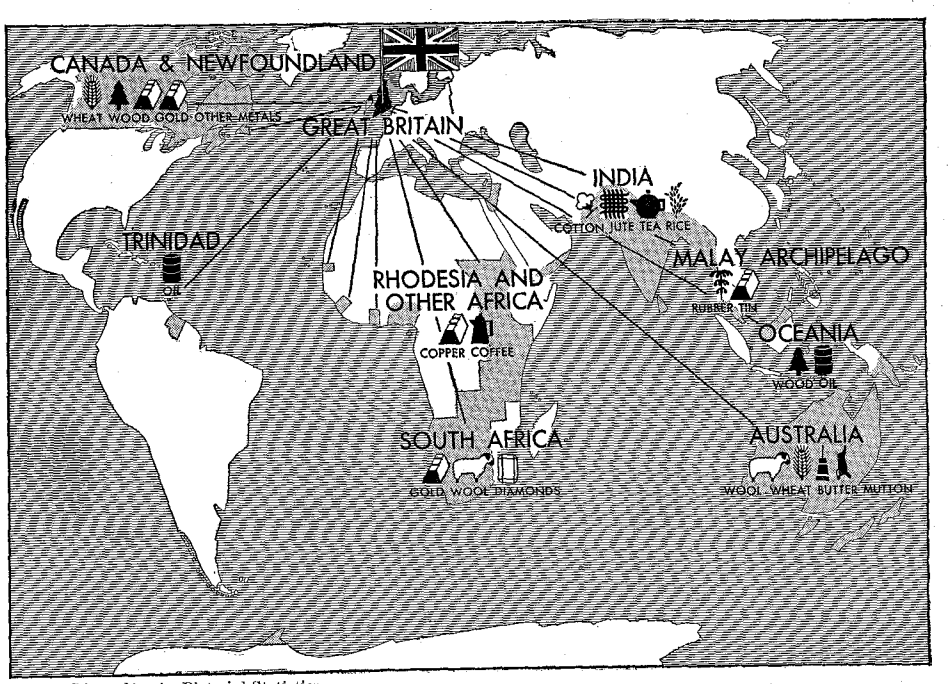
Unity—Bound into an integrated economic unit with its Dominions, England is the greatest of all the World Powers. (Into the World Power classification go the United States, Soviet Union and France.) Its area and population are four times that of the United States. Its population triples the 170,000,000 citizens of the U.S.S.R. Canada's wheat and timber resources, South Africa's gold and diamonds, Australia's wool, Malaya's rubber round out the resources a self-sufficient World Power needs.

This wealth of raw materials would spell self-sufficiency and world economic leadership for Britain if the Dominions could be integrated into an economic community in which goods flowed unobstructedly as they do within the borders of the United States, for instance. But, unlike America and the Soviet Union, whose resources lie within national boundaries, the British Empire's resources are scattered over the face of the earth. Furthermore, increasing signs abound that instead of striving for self-sufficiency within their Empire, the Dominions are turning to economic nationalism.

Under the 1932 Ottawa Conference pacts, the United Kingdom and the Dominions bound themselves to give each other trade preference over non-Empire countries. Canada, Australia and India thus have put up bars even against exports from the mother country. If England, which already is protecting industry with tariffs, seeks to extend this protection to domestic agriculture, the Dominions which sell farm products to England may be tempted to put tariffs higher.

Groans—Tensions arising from trade difficulties make the Empire structure creak and inexorably the process of economic

*In a reciprocal pact, two nations make a trade deal and extend its privileges to all other nations willing to make similar concessions.



Literary Digest Map by Pictorial Statistics

The trade routes of Great Britain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

separation goes on. Of England's 1936 foreign trade of $6,600,000,000, only one-third was with the Dominions. (To Canada, for instance, England sells only one-third as much goods as does the United States.) Now, at the Imperial Conference, Australia, which has discovered that the Empire is not big enough to absorb all her exports, will press for a liberalization of tariffs with non-Empire countries so she can enlarge her trade with Japan.

Yet, despite all this, 40 per cent. of the United Kingdom's exports still go to Empire buyers and of its imports 30 per cent. come from the Dominions.

South Africa, for instance, finds England the best customer for its diamonds, sends 2,118,000 of its total 2,456,000 carats of diamond exports to London. The United Kingdom also takes one-fourth of South Africa's 272,700,000-pound annual exports of wool. (Germany, however, is a bigger customer, takes more than one-third of South African wool exports.) Canada in 1935-'36 shipped seven-ninths of its $150,000,000 exportable wheat to the United Kingdom. New Zealand sold the mother country almost all its exportable supply of butter—$55,000,000 worth. In the United Kingdom, Australia found a customer for half its exportable wheat and wool.

Uncle Sam would like to do more business with Empire countries and has spent the last six months clearing the ground for an Anglo-American reciprocal-trade pact. Now America can talk turkey to *John Bull* only if he and his Dominions hatch a new trade plan that will liberalize dealings with non-Empire nations. Talking turkey to Britain concerning reciprocal-trade pacts is important, because Secretary Hull has gone as far as he can go with his trade program without the aid of the United Kingdom.

Keystone—Whether Empire bars are lowered to let in American wheat, for instance, depends on the intercession of Canada, the Commonwealth's biggest economic unit and a natural go-between in any British American deal. The man on whom *Uncle Sam* depends to speak up for America is Premier King. The Canadian Executive's enthusiasm for reciprocity endears him to the State Department at Washington, rouses the antagonism of isolationist-minded compatriots. Premier King studied at the University of Chicago and received a doctor's degree in political science from Harvard, once advised the Rockefeller Foundation on labor policies.

BRANCH-BANK KING:

A. P. Giannini Blankets California With Chain, Eyes Other States

For 1,098 banks throughout the country, the sun never came out after the financial storm of late 1932-early 1933. In California, however, the sun kept beaming.

No Californians claimed their climate helped keep their banks solvent. But many Californians knew that branch banking did. In the Golden State, branch banking is Amadeo Peter Giannini.

Like the tendrils of a sprawling vine, the 480 branches of the Giannini's' (father Amadeo and son Lawrence Mario) $1,500,000,000 Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association reach into 294 California communities—into world ports, agricultural centers, fishing hamlets.

When frantic depositors stormed these branches in 1933, Bank of America officers in San Francisco shuttled funds into the threatened units as military strategists would rush troops. While elsewhere in the State twenty-nine financial institutions failed, no Bank of America branch succumbed.

Last week, at No. 1 Powell Street, San Francisco, America's No. 1 exponent of branch banking looked down from his full six feet two inches at the cluster of directors before him, disclosed that he hopes soon to be permitted to jump State borders, push the Bank of America beyond the California boundaries to which Federal law now confines him.

Change—These directors, head men of Transamerica Corporation (owner of 99.65 per cent. of Bank of America stock), knew that only an amendment to the Banking Act of 1933 would permit Giannini to realize his ambition.

Such an amendment, drawn by Sen. William G. McAdoo, (D., Calif.), is now in the legislative hopper at Washington. If successful, the amendment will permit national banks to extend branches (with State permission) over an entire Federal Reserve district.

For the Bank of America this would mean expansion into Washington, Nevada, Oregon and Arizona.

"The Corporation (Transamerica)," Giannini told his directors, "now is interested in national banks in all of the seven States comprising the Twelfth Federal Reserve District, except Utah and Idaho."

Like a spark, the Giannini declaration exploded the old feud between branch and unit banking.

Reply—In Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Secretary of Banking, Dr. Luther A. Harr, stormed:

"Mr. Giannini's ruthless attempt to drive through Congress this legislation (the McAdoo bill) . . . carries ruin in its train for unit banks . . . must be blocked."

In California, hard driven unit bankers who knew what it was to compete with branch banks demanded that their California Bankers' Association fight the McAdoo bill and "save unit banking from extinction."

The protest raised by the unit bankers echoed the century-old cry against concentration of banking control in a few, strong, "monopolistic" hands.

Elsewhere—Friends of branch banking point to Canada, which has ten major banks against America's 15,000, and England, which has sixteen banks, triumphantly citing those countries' depression record of no failures whatsoever. They argue that the trend toward branch banking is inexorable.

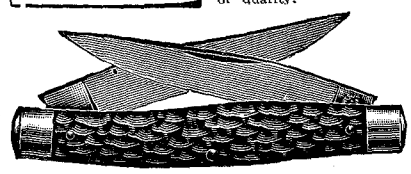
In 1929, America boasted 24,630 banks. Failures and voluntary liquidations wiped out 9,000 of these by the end of 1936. As a result of the wholesale closing of financial institutions in communities where unit bankers could not make ends meet, wide areas are without banking facilities. If laws permitted, banks in neighboring large centers could establish branches and, because of smaller overhead, make them pay.

Another factor which is bound to shrink the number of America's unit banks is rigid Government regulation, which restricts banks' investments and curbs their earning-power. Unit banks in recent years have found it increasingly difficult to pay rents and salaries.

Such pressure on unit banks brings branch banking closer, and economists see an eventual American system composed

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is a monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Biggest value ever offered in a sporting magazine.

And here's a knife that every hunter and fisherman should have in his pocket for skinning and cleaning game and fish. Its two slender keen cutting blades of high quality steel are just right to do a good clean job of slitting and skinning. The name "Winchester" on the blades is a guarantee of quality.



SPECIAL OFFER We will send you this Winchester Sportsman's Knife and National Sportsman for a whole year, 12 Big Issues. **Both For $1.00**

Clip this adv. and mail today with $1.00 bill.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN
151 Sportsman Bldg., Boston, Mass.

For A Comfortable, Pleasant Voyage... Take—

THE EDUCATION OF THE WILL

by *Jules Payot*, Rector of the Academy of Aix, France. Authorized translation. Thirty editions in fifteen years. Shows the way to success and happiness by proper training of the will. Will make life over for you. *12mo, cloth, $1.75; by mail $1.89.*
Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

KNOWING INSECTS THROUGH STORIES

By Floyd Bralliar

A vivid portrayal of life in the insect world. In a series of captivating stories the author describes the appearance and habits of butterflies, beetles, grasshoppers, ants, bees, wasps, and many other varieties. While pleasingly simple, it is also scientifically accurate. With 6 color plates, 8 halftones, and text illustrations. Cloth, 323 pages, $1.75; by mail, $1.89.

All bookstores, or the publishers.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

PILOTING MODERN YOUTH

By William S. Sadler, M.D., F.A.C.S., and Lena K. Sadler, M.D., F.A.C.S.

Points out the mistakes parents are making, as well as those of youth and tells how to correct both. *"Parents should read it and educators should add it to their reference libraries,"*—says the Rev. Daniel A. Poling.

And the Philadelphia Public Ledger remarks: *"No one entrusted with the care of children can afford to miss this volume."* Examine it at your bookstore, or order it from the publishers.

Price, $3.50; postage, 14 cents extra.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

What's The Name, Please? By Charles Earle Funk

The authorized pronunciation of the names of the great, the near great, or the about-to-be-great of our own time. In all there are about 1500 names represented, arranged in alphabetical order.

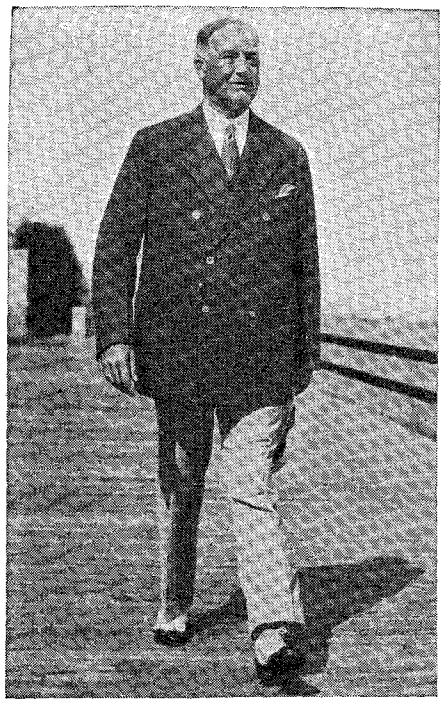
"Every one who cares about correct speech will find it a very useful, satisfactory and interesting little work and will want to keep it within easy reach for ready reference."—*The New York Times Book Review.*

Cloth, $1.00; $1.10, post-paid.

At All Bookstores or from The Publishers

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A. P. Giannini, Master Branch Banker, who backs new legislation in Congress

of some 400 banks in all. They agree privately, however, that the transition to nation-wide or even Reserve District-wide branch banking may take more than a decade.

Meanwhile, Giannini, nearing three score and ten and nominally retired, prepared for one of the toughest battles of his tumultuous career. He cleared the way by asking 206,000 Transamerica stockholders to sanction a plan to simplify the holding-company structure which rules the Giannini banking empire.

COFFEE GLUT: There'll Be Bonfires in Brazil Burning Up Pungent Beans by the Ton

From planes flying down to Rio and on to Buenos Aires, pilots last week looked down at the crimson-patched, green terrain of the State of São Paulo. They found that in late May, when Brazilians are picking the crimson coffee-cherries, São Paulo is most beautiful. From ships heading for Santos Harbor, seamen sniffed the earthy odor of raw coffee as far as three miles asea, for São Paulo grows two-fifths of the world's coffee and Santos warehouses groan with it.

Pilots and seamen know that Brazil's scented fields can reek with less pleasant odors than those they smelled last week. In December, airmen look down on billowing, reddish-black clouds which hug the ground and blot it out. They wince at acrid fumes which sweep up as high as 3,000 feet. Seasoned pilots then know that, down below, Brazilians are burning coffee, lighting mountainous bonfires of coffee-beans to prevent surpluses from burying prices.

Last week, on Brazil's giant *fanzendas*, coffee men wore the longest faces in six years. The cause for their dismay was the startling news that they must keep from the market seven of every ten bags of coffee picked on their plantations, that eventually these bags of withheld coffee must be destroyed — dumped into the sea or burned.

The decision to destroy 70 per cent. of the 1937–'38 crop, made by the convention of Brazil's coffee-growing States, compared with last year's 30 per cent. destruction-program.

This struck one of the most desperate blows at coffee surpluses in the three decades the country has been trying to cope with the coffee problem.

Fires—Coffee burning began in 1931. In six years, Brazil has lighted the skies with 45,000,000 sacks of coffee—2,970,000 tons—which is as much as Brazil exports in three years. It is as much, also, as the world can consume in two years. Yet, each year sees Brazilian warehouses bulging with increasing amounts of coffee-beans, carried over, unsold, from previous years.

From last year, Brazilians brought a carry-over of approximately 11,000,000 sacks. The new crop, being picked now, will be marketed from July of this year to June, 1938. This promises to yield 26,000,000 sacks. Of this potential 37,000,000 sacks of coffee, Brazil can export only 15,500,000 sacks, which leaves Brazil holding the coffee-bag to the tune of 21,500,000 sacks. Even if Brazil, which fills two-thirds of the world's coffee-cups, destroys as much as it exports, the nation's production still will have exceeded demand.

To Americans, who drink about half the world's coffee (about 1,800,000,000 pounds at a $450,000,000 cost) Brazil's giant bonfires this winter will mean that prices will stay up.

For the representative No. 4 Santos coffee, the Brazilian grower gets a little more than 6 cents a pound at a Brazilian port. Shipping, roasting and distribution costs and taxes raise the price of Santos coffee to about 19 cents retail in New York.

Statistics—Coffee men argue that lowering the price would not increase consumption and produce convincing charts to prove that a drop in coffee prices leaves consumption unchanged.

To prevent planters from burying prices under an avalanche of surplus coffee, Brazil will borrow $36,000,000, pay each grower about a fourth of a cent for every pound of coffee up to 30 per cent. of his crop.

For withholding another 40 per cent. (70 per cent. withheld in all), the Government will pay the grower an additional three and one-half cents per pound. Since Brazil's planters know that the world's coffee-cups won't hold more coffee, regardless of price, they know that crop-reduction and government subsidies will not solve their problem.

Brazilians, therefore, are beginning to study *Uncle Sam's* experiment with plowing under cotton and little pigs, are thinking seriously of rooting up coffee-trees. Plowing up coffee-trees is a complicated matter. The economic thing to do is to plow up those trees that produce least. This would mean plowing under the old trees whose yields are declining, thus penalizing those growers who have been in business longest.

Conversely, it would benefit owners of young trees who have come into production recently and helped push surpluses to present distressing levels.

Two Cents—Since the plowing under of coffee-trees would precipitate violent protest from growers, the answer to Brazil's problem seems to lie in the gradual replacement of coffee-lands with other crops—say, cotton.

Meanwhile, Brazil has taken a leaf from President Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy, has joined hands with other Latin-American coffee-growers to bring order out of chaos.

In a *Kaffee Klatsch* at Bogota, Colombia, last fall, Brazil, Colombia and other South American countries created the world's first coffee cartel. The cartel has undertaken to control prices and production and to promate coffee-drinking. Its first fruits have been a two-cent rise in coffee to the American consumer.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Last week in Tokyo, subscribers paid 850 yen ($225) to brokers for Japan's hard-to-get telephones, sighed with relief on learning their telephone numbers contained no digit four.

Japanese consider that digit unlucky, as the word for four, *shi*, sounds like the word for death.

Superstition and the shortage of supply keep the price of Japanese telephones at a high level, despite government ownership of the system.

Annual service charges amount to around 100 yen ($30).

Brokers buy and sell Japanese telephones and usually charge as much as the traffic will bear.

A factor determining the price is the number. The shorter the number, the higher the charge. Unlucky numbers are difficult to sell.

Japanese frequently consult numerologists for advice on pronouncing a doubtful number so that the objectionable *shi* will have a more acceptable meaning. Japanese have no objection to a number containing four if pronouncing the entire number expresses a happy thought instead of the suggestion of doom.

Subscribers may buy telephones from the Communications Ministry, may wait a year or longer for service.

* * *

Retail stores laid out their choicest cotton fabrics while merchandisers bought newspaper and magazine space to tell the story of cotton as the industry prepared to observe Cotton week, May 31 to June 5.

Amid the activity, American cotton men, pausing to appraise the $2,000,000,000 domain of King Cotton, faced these disturbing facts:

1. The South's 100,000,000-acre cotton-farms produced less than 13,000,000 of the world's record of 29,000,000 bales last year.

2. Consumption abroad of American cotton was about 30 per cent. of the total last year, whereas it was 45 per cent. in 1928.

3. Decline of world trade has left storehouses bulging with surplus crops.

4. Nationalism and high-tariff barriers hamper trade.

As a remedy for such ailments, the industry's *Cotton Trade Journal* (New Orleans) proposed creation of an international cotton institute to promote cotton consumption in all nations.

The institute would use modern principles of advertising and merchandizing, whip up political action deemed necessary to adjust tariffs, bring together industrial leaders of all nations in the hope of breaking down barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding, establish an effective clearing-house for international ideas and trade problems.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mail

(Continued from page 2)

points next year. It is impossible to judge age by the points; the only way it can be done is by making a study of the teeth.
Los Fresnos, Texas.

Mr. Bode's point is so well taken that our city-dwelling Sports Editor is impaled thereon. —*Editor.*

Hindenburg

By DUNCAN IRVINE—

Regarding the Hindenburg disaster, I presume your readers are aware that you had a splendid article of description in THE LITERARY DIGEST of October 17, 1936. This article is so full of condensed details that it enables one to understand the arrangement of the great ship and tempers one's judgment as to the many supposed causes of the disaster.

May I suggest you reprint this article and thereby help to stabilize public opinion regarding this means of transit?
Newark, New Jersey.

We regret that we can not reprint old articles in current issues, but advise subscribers to turn back in their files for comparison of all news, past and present.—*Editor.*

Cockpit Story

By CHARLIE REXALL—

When old Army pilots get together, you'll hear them tell this yarn. It's one of the strangest in the annals of flight.

Making a cross-country hop one day, Lt. Jay C. Sanders decided to unfasten his safety-belt and relax. The air was so calm that hour after hour of cruising had almost lulled the pilot to sleep. He stood up in the cockpit —one moment of rest for his cramped legs. One moment of rough air and the plane literally dropped out from under Lieutenant Sanders's feet.

A dumfounded second later he found himself perched, like a cowboy, astride the fuselage, six feet behind the cockpit. The balky plane had perfectly adjusted itself to this shifting balance. It flew serenely, neither climbing nor descending nor turning. Any movement of the pilot's weight toward the now longed-for cockpit made the nose-heavy plane lurch groundward.

But Jay Sanders, bronco-buster of the air, was undaunted. With machine-like precision he gaged his distance, took into account air-resistance and velocity. Then, with a well-timed leap, he made for the cockpit. As the plane bucked and roared for earth, he clutched frantically at the controls. Just as the big ship neared the tree-tops he straightened her out, sighed and continued his journey.

Lieutenant Sanders made but one mistake. In an unwary moment of confidence, he told the story to a brother pilot.
Denver.

Red-Baiter

By RICHARD O'BRIEN—

I'm not a Communist, but a firm believer in the ideals of the Constitution which has guided our destinies for 150 years. I am absolutely disgusted when a man so high in public life as George U. Harvey, Borough President of Queens, New York City, as reported in "Parade" in your May 1 issue, recommends the despicable third degree for Communists. I hope that such rank intolerance results in the defeat of red-baiter Harvey at the polls next fall.
Queens, New York City.

"WATCH THIS ONE"
—Shoemaker in Chicago Daily News

"IN THE PANTRY"
—Elderman in Washington Post

Correction

By N. I. HELLER, General Tire and Rubber Export Co.—

In a recent issue, under the heading "Living Gods," you publish some drivel about the Dominican Republic that is quite beneath a magazine of your quality.

To begin with, you call the Dominican Republic "half-primitive." I have been traveling through the West Indies for the past seven years and, while things in general are not as developed as in our own land, I find that Santo Domingo is in no sense primitive. Recently the country has been making progress in public works, education and public well-being in general.

The electric sign you speak of is red, blue and yellow. It is not in front of the President's home, but a private residence, the home of some enthusiastic follower of President Trujillo, perhaps. The President lives in the Presidential Mansion.
Havana.

Continental Americans do not share Mr. Heller's view that the Dominican Republic is not half-primitive. However, THE DIGEST erred in locating the electric sign outside President Trujillo's house; it is actually in front of Vice President Jacinto Peynado's residence. Its colors, according to the consistently well-informed Foreign Policy Association, are red, white and blue.—*Editor*

Workers' Rights

By FRED HOLTZBERG—

I am a seafaring man and to follow the events in the United States and abroad, I depend on THE LITERARY DIGEST. In the April 24 issue you printed part of the English Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act. I understand that something like that is suggested in Congress right now. . . .

The workers of America know what the bill did to the trade-unions in England and they know it will have the same effect in the United States if enacted. When the day comes when workers here are deprived of their right to peaceful mass-picketing—the only weapon they have in a strike—I am afraid unrest and hatred will be greater than ever.
Port Arthur, Texas

Cuba

By F. G. TOUS—

I wish to congratulate you on the well-written and accurate information your praiseworthy magazine published on the *quintas* in Cuba. These organizations were founded and preserved by Spaniards against adverse times and the bitter opposition of those who desire their extinction.

One would wish that your handling of the Spanish civil war were as worthy of praise. May I point out that the conservatives in Spain are struggling to preserve our Christian civilization much as the Spaniards here in Cuba have striven to preserve these worthy institutions.
La Sierra, Habana, Cuba.

Dance

By M. E. HURLBURT—

In your issue of May 1, under the department entitled "Parade," I read with great interest the account of Stravinsky's ballet première "Card Party—A Ballet in Three Deals."

The pictures accompanying the article were unusually attractive—but, as I am a balletomane, I do wish your writer had treated it more fully.

It was a particularly auspicious occasion which, I am sure, will increase the number of enthusiastic followers of the ballet in America.

My congratulations to the new improved DIGEST and do let us read longer articles on the Dance.
Jersey City.

By S. ROBINS SPRAGUE—

As my chief interests are with the American Theater and Dance, much of my reading-time is taken up with magazines devoted to these arts. For my political, social and general world news, therefore, I turn to THE LITERARY DIGEST.

I was delighted to find that THE DIGEST, at long last, could find room in its crowded pages for recognition of the American Ballet. Now let us hear more—of the modern dance in our American colleges, of the many small dance groups throughout the country, of our outstanding artists in this field, and of the Dancers' Association.

Perhaps more readers than you think would be interested to read of the origin of the Dancers' Association; of the excited meetings of first twenty, then 100, now many times that number, of dancers in New York City alone. Those first meetings, held not much more than a year ago in a small green-painted room at the top of a Methodist Episcopal Church, laid the foundations for the successful growth of the pure American dance.

The American public is showing an interest in the Dance. Your short recognition of the American Ballet was timely. Now let us hear more.
New York City.

Third Eye; Nero's

By J. F. MARTYN HEARNE—

Your interesting article, "The Human Eye," is, I believe, at fault in two of its assertions: The vestigial third eye is situated in the center of the forehead (at the point of impact) and not, as you seem to suggest, at the back of the head. Hence the legend of *Cyclops.*

The more likely explanation of the stone carried by Nero was that expounded by Professor Wilson of Melbourne University, Australia, whom I met on a visit there some years ago: Nero suffered from astigmatism; the stone had a small hole drilled through it. Thus, by squinting through the small aperture, he corrected his vision, altho reducing light.

People with astigmatism can "get home" after breaking their glasses if they view the world through a small opening made by screwing the fingers round.
Tott Hew, Willingdon, Sussex, England.

The pineal gland in some lower vertebrates grows outward through the skull to form a more or less distinct median eye. Commonly, this remains rudimentary, but, in many ancient lizards, it served as a true eye with cornea, lens and retina. In man, the pineal gland may or may not be a vestigial third eye, as some investigators have suggested. In man, however, it is attached to the brain about two-thirds of the way back from the forehead, hence is closer to the rear than the front of the head. What direction a hypothetical third eye may have grown in past ages is speculative.

The Nero explanation sounds reasonable; there is no accurate ophthalmological evidence on the point.—*Editor.*

"READY TO OFFER HIS SERVICES, BUT IS HE NEEDED?"
—Duffy in Baltimore Sun

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Good Sport—NAVY BILL: "What sports do you like best?"

HOLLYWOOD KATIE: "Those who are free with their money and know when to say good night and go home."—*U. S. S. Pennsylvania Keystone.*

Money in It—UNCLE: "And what are you going to be when you grow up, Freddy?"

FREDDY: "I'm going to be a philanthropist; those people always seem to have such a lot of money."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Taking No Chances—"You didn't carry out your plans to elope?"

"No, I found father was planning to move and I didn't know where we'd find him when we got back."—*Fred Owen in Portland (Me.) Evening Express.*

Washing Up—SMITH: "I wear the trousers in my home."

FRIEND: "Yeah, but right after supper I notice you wear an apron over them."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Economy—"You often cook much more for dinner than we use, darling."

"Of course! If I didn't, how could I economize by making left-over dishes?"—*Galt (Ont.) Reporter.*

View-Points—DRAMATIST: "I wish I could think of a big strong situation that would fill the audience with tears."

THEATER MANAGER: "I'm looking for one that will fill the tiers with audience."—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

New—TEACHER: "If you have ten potatoes and must divide them equally among three persons, how would you do it?"

JOHNNY: "I'd mash them."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Preference—JOKER: "Waiter, bring me a slab of political pie."

WAITER: "Yes, sir. Do you prefer the applesauce or plum filling?"—*5th Corps Area News.*

Strategy—The meek little man came up to the policeman on the street corner.

"Excuse me, constable," he said, "but I've been waiting here for my wife for over half an hour. Would you be kind enough to order me to move on?"—*Answers (London).*

Educated—FARMER JONES: "What did your son learn at college?"

FARMER HICKS: "Well, he hadn't been home three days before he showed me how to open a bottle with a half-dollar."—*Wednesday Nite Life.*

Association of Ideas—"Last year I was in Ceylon during an earthquake. Everything rocked and rattled, the house creaked, the china flew about."

"That reminds me! I must fetch my wife from the station."—*Karikaturen (Oslo).*

No Ovation—The actor was visibly downcast.

WIFE: "Did you get any applause?"

ACTOR: "Yes, it sounded like a caterpillar crawling over a Persian carpet whilst wearing rubber shoes."—*Lüstige Kölner Zeitung (Cologne).*

© McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

"WHAT A DAY! ALL I COULD CATCH WAS SEA-MONSTERS"

—By Jo Metzger

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Amateis — American sculptor — in four syllables: *ah-mah-tay-iss.*

Camac—physician and writer—first syllable obscure: *ke-mack'.*

Darrach—surgeon; dean (emeritus), Columbia Univ.—just *dar'rah.*

Farrar—publisher—equal stress on *far* and *rar.*

Greusel—journalist—*eu* like *I;* or, *gry'zel.*

Ihlder—city planner; housing expert—just *ill'der.*

Laessle—American sculptor—as if spelled *Leslie.*

Reynders—builder of noted bridges—rimes with *binders.*

Tepoel—dean, Creighton Univ.—call him *tee-pool'.*

Slips That Pass in Type

A reporter tried to run down a report that Eugene O'Neill, the rebel prize winning dramatist, was shopping around in Contra Costa County to buy a home.—*Oakland (Cal.) paper.*

Rewolt!

J—— L——, Welsh baritone, stands alone among most singers. He has broken a wineglass with his vice.—*Newark (N. J.) paper.*

Come now, it can't be as bad as that.

A jury which had contained wine but which was smashed into fragments was picked up at the scene of the crash by the prosectuor and will be held as evidence.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) paper.*

Twelve good men and brew.

For cockroaches don't use sodium fluoride because children or cherished pets may eat the sodium fluoride instead of the cockroaches.—*Houston (Tex.) paper.*

Why not let 'em pick their own poison?

DANCERS REQUESTED TO WEAR FORMAL ATTIRE—SPECTATORS MAY ATTEND NOT DRESSED.
—*Putnam (Conn.) paper.*

Reversing the usual procedure.

A survey of the headdresses alone tells the story of woman's pride in fashion elegance through the apes.—*Harrisburg paper.*

Come to think of it, it sure does.

At Napoleon's downfall Ponistowski gallantly led his army to uphold the independence of the Ducky.—*Albany (Ore.) paper.*

Coy old coot, wasn't he?

The program is continued with a horse show and the latter composed entirely of members of the faculty.—*Middletown (Conn.) paper.*

We'd like to see a five-paced physics prof.

Oregon officers will return him to their county where he will face charges of unlawfully issuing a forged check.—*Yakima (Wash.) paper.*

He *might* at least have done it legally.

FIRE LAID TO SUN
SMOKING IN BED
—*Pittsburgh paper.*

The lazy rascal has been warned before.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED